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Vol. CLIX No. 2077
WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC
NOVEMBER 11 1939

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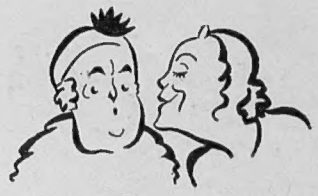

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The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, November 11, 1939

IN DEFENCE OF GREAT BRITAIN

A Gun Crew at their Post, Ready for Action with their Bofors Anti-Aircraft Gun

Not yet has Britain actually been put to the test which will decide how good are her anti-aircraft defences. Behind the veil of secrecy which naturally covers the country's defence measures, however, it is known that our resources are terrifically strong—searchlights, guns, fighter aeroplanes, we have in profusion, as well as some exceedingly complicated mechanical appliances which are actually capable of quicker thought and calculation than the human mind. The Bofors gun illustrated here is a Swedish production: many of them are now in service in anti-aircraft units throughout the country. If and when the enemy appear in numbers over England they will undoubtedly hear from the Bofors—and other instruments of defence. By reason of its easy handling the Bofors is particularly suited to deal with dive-bombing aeroplanes

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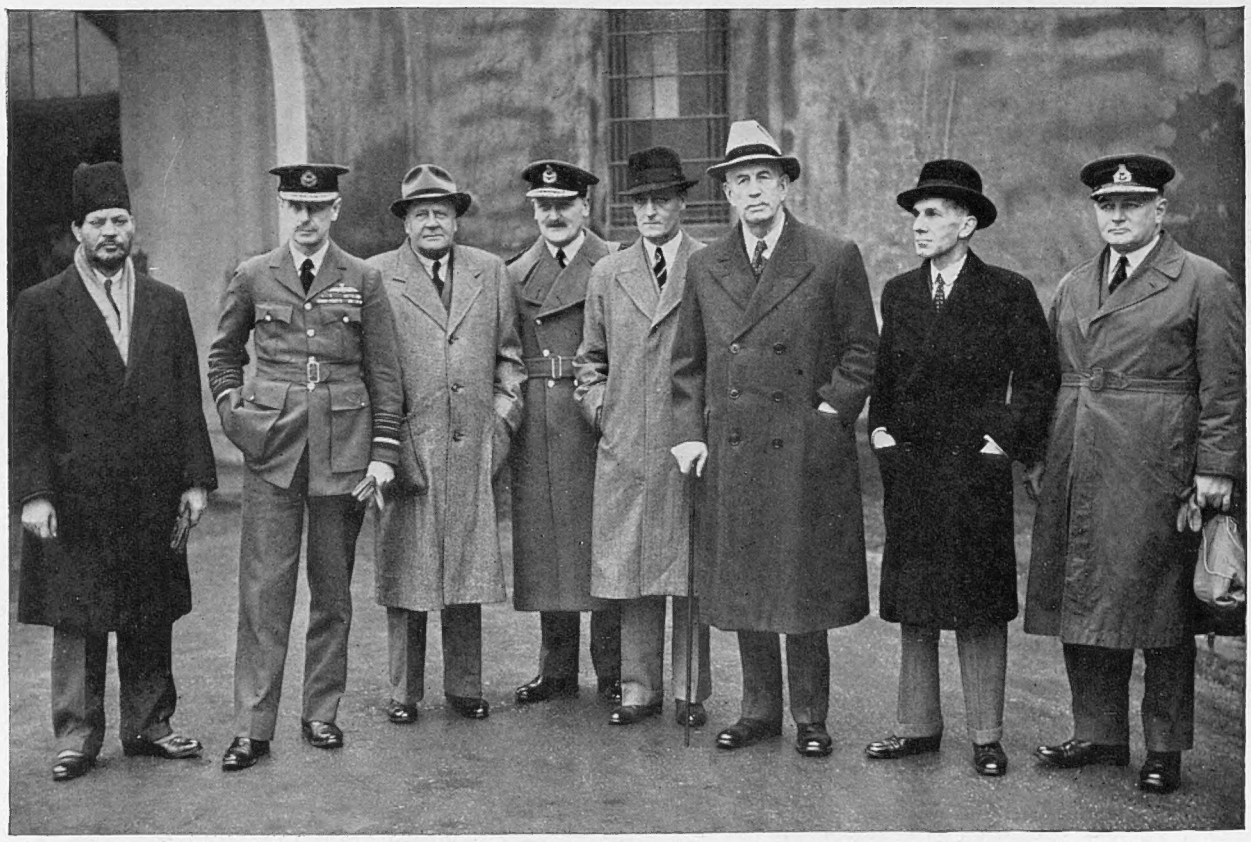


THE DOMINION MINISTERS VISIT THE R.A.F.

Now in London for consultations with the Government on Empire war supply and development, the Ministers from the Dominions and India recently paid a visit to the headquarters of the Fighter Command, Royal Air Force. They were received by Air Officer Commanding-in-Chief, Fighter Command, Air Chief Marshal Sir Hugh Dowding, who explained to them the organisation of the air defence of Great Britain, and showed them the operations room from which the defence system is operated

GUESTS OF THE LORD MAYOR

Last week the Dominions Ministers attended a lunch at the Mansion House. The Rt. Hon. Anthony Eden, Dominions Minister, was also present. From left to right are:—Zajrullah Kahn (India), the Rt. Hon. Anthony Eden, the Rt. Hon. the Lord Mayor, Colonel Denys Reitz (South Africa), and Mr. R. G. Casey (Australia)

A War New

32-34 St. Bride Street, E.C. 4
Wednesday, November 8, 1939.

RUSSIA AND ITALY.—Since last week two great nations have shown in different ways (and both obliquely) that international policy is national interest first of all. M. Molotoff gave the evidence in words, many of them wild and lawless and irrelevant; Signor Mussolini by the reorganisation of his cabinet. Both these nations for the moment intend to remain neutral in the struggle and the Nazis will do all they can by diplomatic action to alter that decision. What the future may hold, depends on the progress of the war. These are for the time being facts which both sides in the war will now accept and take note of. The Allies, at any rate, while realising that there is at present little permanence in Europe or European declarations (except the solidarity of Britain, France and Turkey) do so accept the position. And, broadly, they also subscribe to the principle set forth at the head of this paragraph. For, with respect to M. Molotoff, we have stated often enough that Poland is not the sole issue, Democracy not an exclusive issue. The issue is first of all that there is no chance of survival for our own or any other civilised race in Europe so long as Hitlerism and all it has stood for in international relations continues unchecked. It is already checked, and severely; and a part of our war aims is already realised. Neither Hitler nor Molotoff can expect to carry much weight with neutral opinion so long as they treat morality as a myth, and assume that all the nations, and not merely one or two, have finally rejected honour, humanity and Christianity. Mr. Roosevelt's "short answer" to Molotoff, by re-publishing the Soviet President's warm backing of the Roosevelt appeal to Hitler for peace in Europe, made only last April, is proof enough of what America thought of that speech. Six months ago the Soviets, for whom Molotoff spoke last week, unequivocally supported Mr. Roosevelt's prayer to Hitler to preserve the integrity of Poland and the peace of Europe. It is odd enough that a statesman could speak, as Molotoff did, on a solemn occasion without even attempting to "explain away" that equally solemn démarche of April. Odd, too, that such a statesman should have the eager, cultured face of an Oxford don, who still plays hockey, climbs the easier Alps and will one day bring out a new edition of Catullus.

NAZI SADISM.—The White Paper on the horrors of German concentration camps is rather like a dreadful street accident. You don't want to look and yet you are irresistibly drawn to look and look again. The horrors of the dark ages are brought back with proof that among the nations of Europe is still one at least that has made no advance towards civilisation. Who are these people? Are they an excrescence thrown up by the wave of misery that fell on a vanquished race? Or are they one unit of the German nation, the Prussians? Or do we charge the whole nation with the guilt and shame? First of all, why do we publish this report on "the internal affairs of a neighbour state"? Before the war we often said that such matters were not, broadly, any other nation's affair. We need not say we do it on the grounds of common humanity, because the times and the conditions are not apt for such a parade of altruistic exercises. We frankly admit that our White Paper is counter-propaganda in the paper war against German lies concerning our colonial administration and our Army's "brutalities." And it is telling propaganda in neutral countries — or at least in those which still seek proof of Nazi barbarism. But who are these sadists? Some say that the worst features of the Nazi regime are nothing new, are nothing but the old manifestations of Prussianism under which the world has suffered for fifty years and more. And these people urge that when we declare we are fighting not against the German people but against their present leaders, we should except the Prussians. If, after the last war, Germany had been put back to its pre-Bismarck components, Bavaria and Austria might have made a stronger and common cause for culture and decency, and Saxony have kept a balance between two elements in the Germanic nation so widely opposed in thought and nature. So they say; but it is not worth arguing to-day. Yet before our prelates and others repeat those clichés about not fighting against the German people, and about the Christian spirit which must direct the next settlement, they should consult the White Paper and assess the guilt for the sadism it reveals. From the spirit of hatred engendered by the end of 1918 *nothing* but a Versailles Treaty *could* have come. If the German people in this war acquiesce in the brutality of Nazism, they will certainly suffer and the world will suffer again from the same bitter spirit. The guilt lies with the whole Aryan German race who are either so brutal that they approve, or so vile, cowardly and mean-spirited that they dare not condemn, the unspeakable barbarisms of their chosen leaders. Such a race cannot in justice command respect and are not fit as yet to play a part in world reconstruction.

GERMAN LOSSES.—If the Nazis think it politic to exaggerate their successes and to under-estimate their losses, we are no doubt right to put the truth forward for all who have ears to hear. But the deception need not greatly worry us from a military point of view. If the deceivers deceive themselves it may well lead them to courses which may hasten the end of the war. We appear to have good evidence that we have destroyed upwards of twenty submarines. The Nazis "admit" the loss of three. (We have crews from twice that number.) We have announced the loss of a certain tonnage of shipping. The Nazis have multiplied that loss by three. If that convinces some of them that Britain is starving and the U-boats practically unaffected, it may persuade them either to dally on for our final starvation (which will not come before their own) or to risk a rash sea adventure, when the unpleasant surprise will fall all on their side. We know that honesty in such matters is the best policy (though we ourselves do not always find it politic publicly to announce our losses instantly); and the Nazis will learn it in time, or at least the German people. Meanwhile, what a fresh sidelight on Nazi barbarism! It means, I suppose, that several hundred German mothers and wives are kept in ignorance that long since their sons and husbands have sunk to a watery grave. They go on writing to them and chiding them for their laziness in responding. . . . What a macabre and cruel farce!

LONG-DISTANCE BOMBING.—There is no reason to suppose that improvements in speed and effectiveness in bomber aircraft will not be matched by improvements in the design of fighters. There is already evidence enough that the long-distance bomber is highly vulnerable. Striking an average of the wastage of long-distance bombing expeditions by the Germans to date (and in one instance by the British), we find that it is at least 20 per cent., if not more. And there is good reason to believe that if such raids were carried out not mainly across the sea but across French or neutral territory, and in larger formations, the risks would be greater from the availability of still more fighting squadrons and from anti-aircraft batteries on land. These are facts; and to my mind the most hopeful facts which have emerged from the war so far. From Britain's point of view it seems to hint that we have exaggerated the fear that, with the coming of bomber planes, we ceased to be an island. No doubt we shall suffer long and perhaps grievously from air attack, but there seems ground for hope that before the war is over, long-distance bombing will be found to be a game not worth the candle, quite apart from the reckoning-up of the balance-sheet of reprisal.

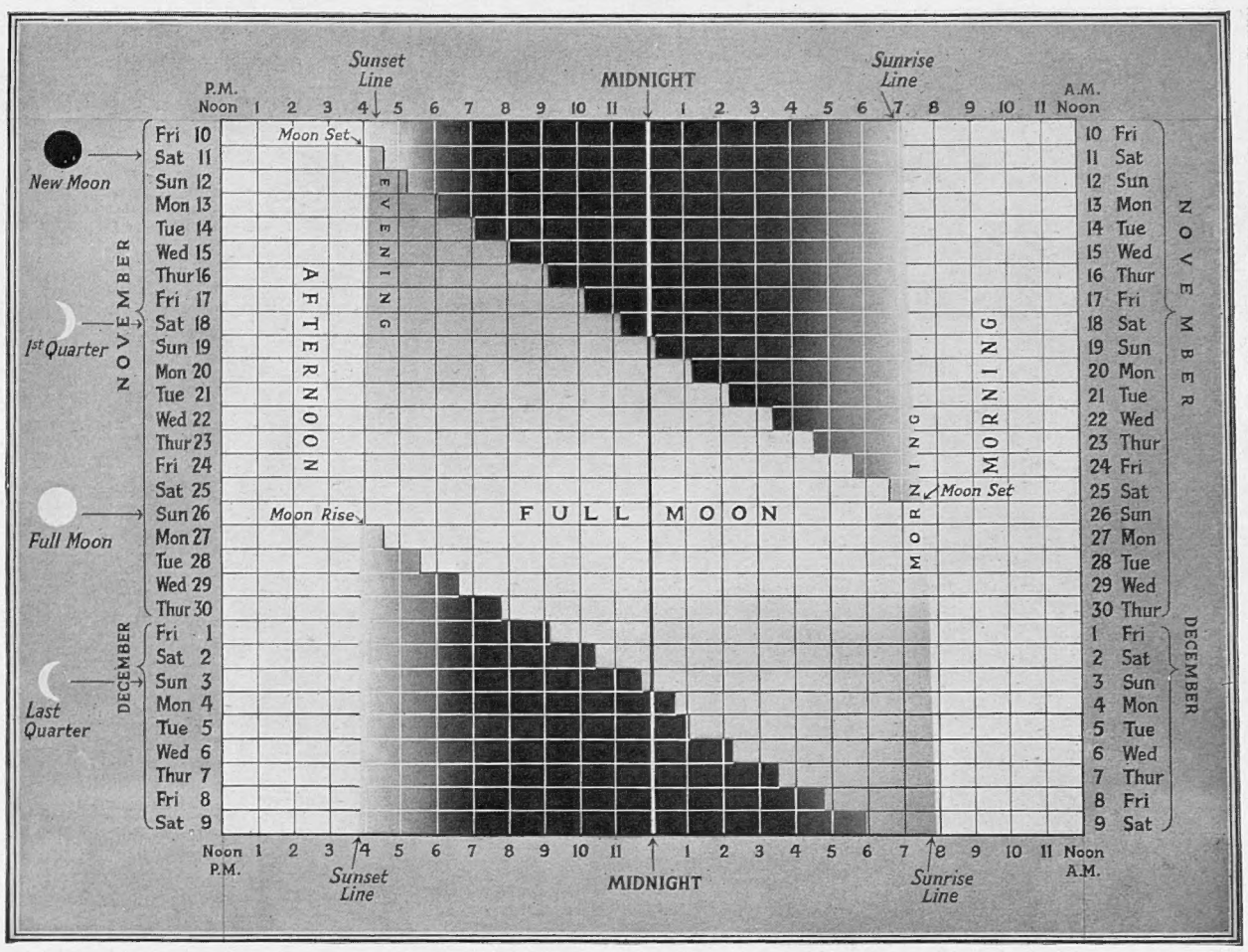
DEPENDANTS' ALLOWANCES.—Here is news of one little grey home in the west under war conditions. In a house in the west of Inverness-shire lives an old soldier, who is dying slowly, and his good wife who had given him many children. Of these, four sons (before the war clouds gathered) were working as baker, chef, shoemaker and tailor respectively. Each contributed 18s. of their wages towards the upkeep of the home, and life there was comfortable enough for their parents and younger brothers and sisters. In August last all of these four sons were called up by Territorial units. From the day they left their civilian jobs, not one penny has come into the house. Not one penny in the way of dependants' allowances, quite apart from allocation money, has come to the mother. Letters of protest to the Command and to the Paymaster receive no answer. That was the position in the last week of October. And it was the same in scores of homes in the north. These old people have an

LETTER — No. X

innate horror of getting into debt, knowing how difficult it is ever to catch up on a running bill. They are proud and dislike charity, and some of them have been starving. No doubt there are difficulties of adjustment. The department was not ready. The new rates have only just been issued, etc. But the old rates could have been paid and later adjusted to new scales. It is a rare patriotism that will long endure such shameless ingratitude, bungling and lack of imagination. Has Mr. Belisha in truth examined every case of complaint, or only those of officers, or only those of regulars, or only those of officers serving abroad?

WAITING CALMLY ON GERMANY.— Italian authorities, who should know better than most, estimated that not less than 110 German divisions now are in position between the Dutch frontier and the Swiss, of which nearly eighty are massed on the French front. Holland, Belgium, and Switzerland are all determined to resist to the death any infringement of their neutrality. Behind them France and Britain are mobile and alert. One acre of neutral territory deliberately invaded, and it is hard not to believe that Germany would be at once half encircled by the coming-in of fighting nations, at present neutral, by no means to be despised as military powers. France and Britain await the development quite undismayed. Any large-scale German attack at this time must be an act of desperation, as all military authorities seem to agree. The losses would be stupendous. It is an expedient only Ribbentrop would recommend to Hitler. As for the side-issues of rumour, the frightful new weapon, the parachute descents on East Anglia, these may be chalked up to the credit of German bombast and clumsy propaganda. They are as likely to reach us as were Napoleon's flat-bottomed boats. Pirates chew glass and spew blood when their own courage is waning and their own reputations also. And what is tartar sauce for the goose is pretty quickly tartar sauce for the gander. The Germans know whither frightfulness and disregard of humane conventions and honour in war lead. It led in 1918 to the bitter spirit which made the treaty of Versailles inevitable.

OLD FAMILY LETTERS.— Lord Sandon contributes his experience to a symposium on the best material for reading aloud in war-time. He plumps for the dusty packets of old family letters laid up in ancient houses. Alas! that this source should be forever on the decrease, a rich vein running out. The old homes are dismantled, the modern flat has no cupboard for things old, for things laid up in lavender. But for those who still preserve these memorials of more happy, leisurely ages, Lord Sandon offers an opiate or recreation which has no equal in war-time. Better still, if the faded documents be "illustrated" by the passing round of the old albums of Daguerre's early art, great-aunts tapping croquet balls and dressed in pork-pie hats and buttoned pyramids of cloth, or grandfathers in side whiskers and chokers, or stripling great-uncles at Oxford wearing thin and ragged beards, Norfolk jackets and stiff white giraffe collars. That is perfect fireside fare. But there are difficulties still to be considered. The photographs are faded but recognisable as such; the handwriting is not always decipherable. Give me the man or woman who can read out fluently Queen Victoria's original letters written between 1895 and 1901, and I will crown him with a wreath of bays. And the great queen was in her day a fine "calligraphist," as fine as any of your great-great-aunts.



A MOONLIGHT CHART FOR NOVEMBER AND THE FIRST WEEK OF DECEMBER Our first moonlight chart having proved very useful to many of our readers, we give here a second one, covering the rest of this month and the first week of December. New moon occurs to-day, Saturday, the 11th, the first quarter on the following Saturday, the 18th. If the weather is fine one will get a great amount of help from the moon until past 11 p.m. on that evening. The moon setting line runs from left to right across the diagram like a staircase. The dark portion of the diagram shows where the moon sets. After Sunday, November 26, the slanting line changes to moon risings. Thus on Sunday, December 3, the moon does not rise until about a quarter-of-an-hour before midnight. The whole of the diagram is arranged for Greenwich mean time

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

—I was re-reading Lowell, wondering if he were still read in America. There are those lines of his in "The Present Crisis":—

"Once to every man and nation comes
the moment to decide
In the strife of Truth with Falsehood,
for the good or evil side;
Some great cause, God's new Messiah
offering each the bloom or blight,
Parts the goats upon the left hand,
and the sheep upon the right;
And the choice goes by forever 'twixt
that Darkness and that Light."

And there are his "Stanzas on Freedom":—

"They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three."

And from the "Biglow Papers":—

"We kind o' thought Christ went agin war an' pillage." And from "Among My Books":—"Truly there is a tide in the affairs of men; but there is no gulf stream setting forever in one direction." Lowell was born in 1819 but he seems to be very little dated in "the present crisis." I am inclined to think Americans still read Lowell, at any rate still subscribe to his principles of liberty and of right and wrong. As their President said, it was too much to expect that America should be neutral in mind as well as in fact. Americans are still free to think for themselves. Their latest decision is even more important as evidence that they have indeed used and made up their minds about the present crisis than as a vital factor in the issue of the war. They themselves have come to believe that the yardstick of 1914–18 may not be suitable for estimating the present war, and that it may end more quickly than the last.

BINOCULARS FOR THE TROOPS.—I have quite a good pair of "graticuled" field glasses. They belonged to an artillery officer and are contained in an "ersatz" case made to look like leather. I did not pay for them. I appropriated them from a dirty bed in the chateau of Flesquières in the Cambrai area twenty-two years ago. Zeiss made them. Shall I send them to Mr. Burgin? Only one thing deters me. I should hate to think that that might be the means of bringing the wheel full circle, and restoring the glasses to the country of origin. But I do not think the risk is great, and our troops need all the binoculars we can send them, German or otherwise.

A NEW "VACCINE."— A Japanese medico-scientist claims to have discovered a "vaccine" against small-pox more effective than that derived from the cow. It is extracted from hens' or quails' eggs. I don't know whether in old days chicken-maids or men were found to be more immune from small-pox than others. Probably there are no records to show. I have had no experience of quails, except occasionally when I would meet them on unequal terms at ball-suppers in old days. Of hens, yes. I am familiar with hens and familiarity has bred contempt. I think them the lowest, stupidest, most cowardly and ungrateful of God's creatures. However, there is no evidence that people infected with cow-vaccine take on the characteristics of cows, and there may be no danger of people going broody under the new small-pox treatment.

THE OLD STAGER

LONDON'S NEW BISHOP In the presence of the Lord Mayor and a large general congregation, Dr. Geoffrey Francis Fisher, formerly Bishop of Chester, was enthroned as Bishop of London in St. Paul's Cathedral on Friday of last week. He is seen above in the procession, which took place after the ceremony, to the Chapel of St. Michael and St. George where the Dean and Chapter met the new Bishop, the Archdeacons, and the Bishops Suffragan

LET US SEND "THE SPHERE" CHRISTMAS NUMBER TO YOUR FRIENDS ABROAD

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THE BRITISH EXPEDITIONARY FORCE MARCHES THROUGH RURAL FRANCE

The men who cross the Channel find their way to their pre-arranged positions along roads like this—deep in the rural life of our ally. This is a by-road, but unlike the autobahnen of Germany it is good because it has been here for centuries, not newly driven (like the autobahnen across virgin country) and thus stands up well to the tramp of marching columns and the pounding of mechanised units

THE GUNS ARE HIDDEN AWAY IN FARMYARDS AND DISGUISED IN ALL SORTS OF QUIET WAYS

"Thousands of British guns of all calibres, ranging from massive howitzers to mobile quick-firing light artillery and motorised anti-tank and anti-aircraft guns, are to-day massed on the Western Front. They are concealed by cunning camouflage or hidden away under apple trees or haystacks in farms or gardens of peasants living on the edge of the French frontier. These batteries stand ready night and day to open a barrage to add to the line of fire of the front-line

HIDDEN AMID THE HAYSTACKS AND FARMS OF FRANCE

BRITISH TROOPS WAITING AT THE CROSS-ROADS FOR THE SIGNAL TO PROCEED

"At nearly every cross-roads there is a military traffic policeman who has somehow learnt the way to everywhere in a week or so. Apart from these one notices a few soldiers standing in a village street, a sentry marching up and down a station platform (while behind him one khaki figure cuts another's hair), an occasional dispatch rider. There is plenty of transport going to and fro, lorries, ambulances and staff cars, most of them camouflaged in the fashionable style with nets tagged with bits of green and brown cloth"

forts, of the pill-boxes and of the subsidiary positions the British troops have taken over. The British gun positions dotted over a large area of France's frontier zones have given vastly increased security to the fortified area in which the British expeditionary force is stationed. I visited one battery which was within sight of the frontier boundary posts, and found it hidden away in the corner of a garden belonging to two elderly French peasant women"

THE BRITISH GUNS, HIDDEN AWAY IN WOODS AND OTHER PLACES, HAVE GIVEN GREAT ADDITIONAL SECURITY TO THE FRENCH FORTIFIED AREA

GERMAN PRISONERS IN BRITAIN

THE PRISONERS PARADE BEFORE SETTING OFF TO WORK IN THE FIELDS: Those men with their backs to the camera have been made squad leaders because they speak English and can act as interpreters

LIEUT.-COLONEL DENISON, commanding officer of one of the P. of W. camps, instructs a German N.C.O. who has been placed in charge of his fellows

THE PRISONERS ON THE MARCH IN THEIR NORTH OF ENGLAND CAMP: Under military guard the men march past a British sentry-box set outside the barbed-wire fence which surrounds the camp

PRISONERS AT WORK FILLING SANDBAGS: Note the distinctive coloured patches on their clothes

A BRITISH SERGEANT CARRIES THE BALL as a contingent of prisoners set off to play football

MARCHING BACK TO DINNER AFTER WORK IN THE FIELDS

"Somewhere in the north of England," one of the first batches of German prisoners of war is now settling down to a new life in a prison camp which was established less than a month after the start of war. There are some forty prisoners in the camp, which is in this case a disused mill in a hilly district. Nearly all of them are young men, most of them clothed in flannels, a pullover, and a jacket. To identify them as prisoners, each has a large, brightly-coloured patch on the knee and back. The mill itself is surrounded by a tall, double "apron" of wire netting, with powerful electric lights illuminating it at night. The prisoners are guarded day and night by men of the National Defence Corps, most of whom are veterans of the Great War of 1914–18. The chief difference in the day's routine from that of a soldier is that the prisoners have more fatigues. They are being set to work on the land around the camp, and have a busy time filling sandbags. The men's good humour and health are well looked after, but the authorities make sure they are not given any privileges they should not have. Nearby roads are closed to traffic, and police patrol the district.

THE KING DECORATES R.A.F. HEROES

THE FOUR R.A.F. OFFICERS AND PILOT SERGEANT ON WHOM THE KING HAS JUST BESTOWED THE D.F.C. AND THE D.F.M.

From left to right are—Flying Officer A. McPherson, Flying Officer T. M. W. Smith, Flying Officer K. C. Doran, Flying Officer John Barrett, and Pilot Sergeant W. E. Willits

During the King's two-day tour of R.A.F. stations in the north of England and the Midlands last week, His Majesty created an historic precedent when he decorated five heroic officers in an aerodrome hangar with the Distinguished Flying Cross and the Distinguished Flying Medal. These five men are shown above in very happy mood wearing their decorations just after having received them from the hands of the King. Of these five airmen the eldest is only twenty-six and the youngest twenty-one. Four of them are officers and one a pilot sergeant. The first two to be decorated were Flying Officer T. M. Wetherall Smith and Flying Officer John Barrett. Both had been promoted acting flight lieutenant, and each received the Distinguished Flying Cross. Their exploit was the rescue by flying-boats, in spite of heavy swell, of the crew of the *Kensington Court*, a merchant vessel, which was torpedoed in the Atlantic in September. Between them they saved thirty-four men. Pilot Sergeant William Edward Willits received the Distinguished Flying Medal. Willits is twenty-five, and before joining the R.A.F. in 1936 was an accountant clerk. The two other officers, whom the King decorated with the Distinguished Flying Cross, were Flying Officer (Acting Flight Lieutenant) K. C. Doran and Flying Officer A. McPherson. Doran, who is twenty-six, and comes from Mill Hill, led the Kiel raid in September. He pressed home a successful low attack with great determination in face of heavy gunfire and under extremely bad weather conditions. McPherson, who is a native of Glasgow, is twenty-one. He carried out the reconnaissance flight in September which made the Kiel raid possible

THE KING WITH THE PILOTS AND CREWS OF THE COASTAL COMMAND

These are the men who patrol the North Sea as far as the German coast, detecting submarines and enemy fleet movements

MEN WHO HAVE ALREADY ENGAGED THE ENEMY

The King with a group of pilots who frustrated an enemy attack on a North Sea convoy and inflicted heavy casualties on the foe

ONE MECHANISED DIVISION = 40 MILES OF ROAD

The Methods of the Last War Compared with Those of the Present. (The Strategy of the War—VII)

By GENERAL SIR CHARLES HARINGTON, G.C.B., G.B.E., D.S.O., D.C.L.

I REMEMBER ending my last article with "Anyhow, we shall know by next week." We do not. The Western Front is unchanged. Nothing whatever has happened and our war correspondents are reduced to describing field days behind the lines and descriptions of cookhouses, etc. Anyhow, delay is all in our favour and it has enabled our "back arrangements" to be brought to a high state of efficiency and to give the vast machinery such a good start as to ensure its smooth working.

I am sure everyone was interested in the details given some days ago by the Quartermaster-General of the B.E.F. to the war correspondents. As an old staff officer of the last war and before it, in the horse-drawn days when the whole transport of a brigade did not cover much more than 200 yards, it is interesting to learn that the mechanical vehicles of a division now cover 40 miles, considerably longer than the distance from Aldershot to Hyde Park Corner. I give full marks to the organisation which has transported our Expeditionary Force to France, and has already accumulated 46 days' reserve behind it and which feeds daily 200,000 men, and supplies some 650 tons of petrol daily. We may indeed be proud of it.

At the same time one must not belittle, as some critics have done, the doings of the old B.E.F. One must remember that there was no previous experience to learn from, and that our troops were thrown hurriedly into battle to help our allies against the German onrush through Belgium. Mons and Le Cateau were upon us in a moment. Our base had suddenly to be changed on account of a very real threat to the Channel ports. Those who took part in that great retreat right back to the defences of Paris and witnessed those men of the original B.E.F. turn round and go forward again to the Aisne, will neither forget those men nor the Q.M.G. department of that day which was able to feed them.

This article will appear on the eve of Armistice Day. Remembrance Sunday is November 12. Do not let us forget the men of the last war. The present British Army in France will think of them. They are reminded daily by the cemeteries containing part of those million "little white crosses." As I write I think of that beautiful Tyne Cot Cemetery bearing the dark shadows of the Passchendaele fighting and I think of the thirty-three cemeteries on the Gallipoli Peninsula which were at one time under my jurisdiction.

It does not seem to help by running down either the commanders or men of that war. They were great men. We who belonged to that generation and knew them realise that we and the methods employed at that time are now obsolete, and rightly so. Twenty-one years have passed since then, during which the internal combustion engine and science have altered war. The old army did its best, and did its best to ensure that the present generation should never have to face what they endured. One might as well criticise the old hansom cab, or growler, or the sailing ships and those fine men who sailed in them and won for us our Empire. They all fulfilled their useful task in their day, and right well. We must not run them down.

It is the aeroplane engine, the tank, oil and petrol which has altered war. The tank was a product of the last war, and its best functions were only then being tried out. I remember in 1918 Marshal Foch proposing a plan to make an attack with 5,000 tanks and 10,000 tractors on a 100-mile front to be selected later in 1919 or 1920 in order to win the war. I was D.C.I.G.S. when this plan was prepared and submitted to the War Cabinet and approved. I remember handing over Mr. Henry Ford's head man in London from Sir Henry Wilson, then C.I.G.S., to the Master-General of Ordnance, in order to settle details. The order was given, but presumably never completed, as the war ended in November, 1918. This came back to my memory recently when the question of America's attitude in this war was undefined. We can now place many such orders as the above, and in addition we can pay for the goods and also transport them.

Turning now to the war. As I said above, the news from the Western Front is contained in three words "There is none," and it reminds me of the notice so often seen at Lord's this year "No play to-day." Not only has mud, as I predicted, halted Hitler, but bad weather generally has interfered with operations by sea, land and air. If it was his intention to launch his divisions, which are reported to be concentrated opposite the Maginot Line and in the north, towards Holland or Belgium, or in the south towards the Swiss frontier, he must have had a very trying and anxious week.

During that week he could not have derived much comfort from either the action of America or the policy outlined by Stalin. Stalin has said quite clearly that he is not interested in aggression and is all for peace in the world. He can, perhaps, say it with a smile, with his newly-acquired naval and air bases in the Baltic, and as I write, the chances of Finland escaping the same fate are none too rosy.

Hitler recently issued an order that no bouquets of flowers were to be thrown at him. He certainly got no bouquet from Turkey and it does not look as if he is going to get any bouquets from anyone else. This means that his horizon has been very much narrowed. Each day brings him more to grips with the Allied Forces of France and Britain. Each day his problem both by sea, land, and air gets more difficult, and his economic and lasting power cannot give him much comfort.

Petrol, oil, workshops, and production will be the deciding factors in this war. The story of all our Dominions, the efforts of Australia, the training of pilots in Canada, and the vast output of trained pilots and machines to come from that country is worth anything and will play a very important part in the winning of this war. It is my considered opinion that we could not be better placed than we are to-day. The Allied Forces are well situated, well fed, well supplied, calm, and confident to deal with whatever Hitler may decide to do. Our Air Force has already shown its superiority and we know the Navy.

Some critics are fearful of Russia joining her forces to Germany. In my opinion Russia is only too pleased to have got what she has without loss or worry and that she has no intention whatever of coming to pull Germany's chestnuts out of the fire. Hitler may overrule his military advisers, and his "yes men" may agree to the launching of a big offensive in winter, and with the ground in its present state and with every prospect of getting worse, we can only wish that he will.

We heard last week that Russia's announcement was going to be the "turning point of the war." Unfortunately for Hitler it appears to have turned the wrong way, and it may well turn out that the lifting of the embargo by America may prove to be the real turning point. General Göring may well sneer and say that we cannot get the goods across. That is a matter which alone rests with the British Navy, and we are really not worried by any views which he may happen to hold. The news to Hitler that 500,000 tons of shipping on the way to Germany has been confiscated cannot be very welcome, especially when we hear that 12,000,000 gallons of petrol is included. To those of us who are trying to exist on five gallons a month, the thought that 12,000,000 gallons are locked up somewhere is just inviting crime. If only we knew where it is.

I know nothing about "football pools" or how one estimates how many goals the Arsenal will score next Saturday, but there can never have been any event in which everyone has been so totally wrong as in the forecasts of what Hitler would do on the Western Front. It is an axiom that the real road to success in war is surprise. On the Western Front, as I have so often said, surprise is dead. Our pilots who fly over at the impudent height of 200 ft. have killed that goose.

In my opinion Hitler is being slowly manoeuvred into an impossible position. He has tried hard to invite the Allies into starting "frightfulness," and into bombing his cities and military objectives, and we have just sat back waiting for him to drop the first brick, when he will undoubtedly get a good deal more than he bargained for. He cannot fail to know that. He has waited now so long that he is both in the soup and in the mud, and it is now too late.

His troops have now to lie out in the mud for the winter, in far inferior conditions to those of the Allies. His "loud speakers" of friendly greetings to the French have completely failed. The innings he has played so far has secured no applause. His stonewalling tactics do not appeal to the crowd. If he was in Sydney or the north of England he would have long since been "barracked." In my opinion, he would like, if he could find a reason, to declare his innings closed before the Allies force him to do so, which, most assuredly, they will. He is, in my opinion, playing his last suit, his U-boats. More than one-third are at the bottom of the sea after two months of war. They have, undoubtedly, done great work for his side, and more than was expected of them, but with winter and bad weather approaching they will find shelter more difficult.

JUST AS IN 1914! Despite the mechanisation of the Army, there always remains the infantry—attenuated though they may be in numbers. This official photograph from France must recall many similar scenes during the years 1914–1918 to the mind of all who served overseas during those years. Fully equipped and enveloped in the ubiquitous groundsheet, the footsloggers move up to the line day by day—past the old familiar farmhouses and estaminets and through the old familiar smells and the old familiar mud

I was interested to read in last week's SPHERE of the shelter afforded on the west coast of Ireland, which reminds me of a story told to me quite recently by an old Irishman aged 83, a neighbour of mine, who told me of an old friend of his who, in the last war, was ordered to take a real holiday, so he decided to go and spend a holiday fishing on the west coast of Ireland. He arrived at a tiny fishing village miles from anywhere, and made friends with an old Irish fisherman with whom he settled to go out fishing. The morning after his arrival he went out and when they were about half a mile from the shore the Irish fisherman said, "Before we start fishing, your Honour, I have to tell yer I have to lay some mines which I have in the boat. I am paid £3 a week for laying mines for the Germans . . ."

Whereupon the stranger flew into a rage and abused him for his disloyalty and demanded to be taken back to the shore. On this the old fisherman answered "Begorra, sir, be calm, be calm, and wait till I tell yer that me brother gets £5 a week for picking them up." That may be happening to-day. The story as told to me by the Irishman with his delightful brogue was charming.

I end this article by endorsing the words of the Prime Minister, to think also of those of our Services who are keeping watch by day and night in every part of our Empire. They may be a long way from their comrades on the Western Front, but they have equally a part to play. Our Empire is at war and solely owing to the wanton act of one man, but so long as it is at war, so long every man of our Services in every part of our Empire and every British citizen in the remotest part of our Empire is at war, and determined to see that all we stand for, all we fight for, our freedom and civilisation, will prevail.

THE MAGINOT LINE UNDER ACTUAL WAR CONDITIONS

A MASSIVE BLOCKHOUSE ON THE MAGINOT LINE REARS ITS HEAD LIKE SOME GIGANTIC SAURIAN

The following was a typical account from the official French narrator in the middle of last week: "Yesterday was marked by three attacks. The first took place north-west of Forbach, where we encircled a group of Germans and made them prisoners. The other two attacks were launched by the enemy. One was made 9 miles east of the Moselle, and this was repulsed. West of Saarlouis a more important engagement took place. After an intensive artillery barrage lasting an hour the Germans tried to encircle a village in our possession. A battalion of ours counter-attacked and relieved the pressure on the village. The enemy was finally repulsed without gain on his part"

A BIG RANGE-FINDER ON THE FRENCH WESTERN FRONT KNOWS ALL ABOUT THE GERMAN TERRITORY

'The day's work consists of elaborating with wonderful refinement the welcome which is in store for any German tanks that might endeavour to take that way. That welcome will be both warm and wet. The rather wild-looking pioneers and the exquisitely-polished General are collaborators alike absorbed in the task of contriving that the greeting shall be more than adequate. . . . After two days of dry weather, one of which was sunny, torrential rains deluged the Western Front again during the night. The rain is likely to continue. With the countryside already water-logged, exposed trenches half-filled with water, and the rivers in flood, the prospects of a big German effort to break through this autumn receded still farther"

A CAMOUFLAGED GUN WITH ITS NET COVERING

A British correspondent writes that "Military observers are much interested in General Gamelin's tactics in the fighting area, as revealed so far. That is, irritating attacks, carefully prepared and executed with extraordinarily small losses. Then, when the Germans retaliate they find in the extreme outposts only small parties of determined machine-gunners who inflict as heavy losses as possible and then retire. The German attackers suddenly find themselves hitting into the air while Gamelin's artillery cuts them to pieces, inflicting heavy losses and breaking up their formations. This is the outstanding feature I have noticed. According to reports, it has inflicted losses on the enemy out of all proportion to the expenditure of lives or munitions by General Gamelin"

GOOD QUARTERS BEHIND A QUARRY WALL

THE STORY OF BRITISH MOBILISATION

How the Army Prepared for War—A Study in Organisation

Described by
NOEL THOMPSON

WHEN the full history of this war comes to be written, I hope that someone with the pen of an artist in words will devote at least three chapters to the mobilisation of the British Army and to its transport across to France.

I can deal with it only in a sketchy way, for many facts and figures must of necessity remain secret still, but remember that the British Expeditionary Force of 1939 was the greatest army ever sent overseas in the history of the world. And the modern army is a vastly more complicated affair than was even dreamed of in 1914. Transport then meant transport for men, horses, food, a few guns, and such equipment as the Tommy did not carry always on his person.

The huge numbers of machine-guns, Bren guns, huge tanks, heavy guns, lorries and above all the vast stores of petrol were not even considered in those days; and yet within a few weeks nearly 200,000 men with abundance of every possible supplies were in France without loss and almost without a hitch. The French, whose ideas on mobilisation always seem to move so smoothly, have been loud in their praise of our feat, and even louder in their praise of the extent and efficiency of our army equipment.

To whom then must go the praise for this achievement? Like everything else in the Army, the praise will have to be decentralised, but ultimately the War Office, as the "power plant," is the focal point. Names are invidious, but surely recognition will be given to the Quarter-Master, Lieut.-General W. G. Lindsell, who is in charge of movements and maintenance, and who seems to have shown in practice that his standard book, *Military Organisation and Administration*, now in its twenty-second edition, is the masterpiece that it reads like.

It will be easier to understand the mobilisation and transport if I first outline a sort of genealogical tree of the Army. At the head, of course, is the Crown. Directly responsible to the Crown is the Cabinet, who determine the policy of organisation of the Army. Responsible to the Cabinet is the Committee of Imperial Defence. The Army directly is represented on this by the Secretary of State for War and the Chief of Staff.

The decentralisation of authority has now begun. It continues with the Army Council, or the Command of the Army, and I want you to study its make-up, for the same make-up, through representatives of each branch, is transmitted down through army corps, divisions, brigades, battalions or regiments, to companies. In other words, the command of a regiment is an Army Council in miniature. This may not at the moment sound relevant, but as you will see when I later describe exactly how the whole mobilisation and transport overseas was effected that it is the secret of the whole smoothness and efficiency.

Well then, the Army Council is normally a family of ten. Taking them like brothers from the senior downwards, we start with the Secretary of State, Mr. Leslie Hore-Belisha, whose duties are obviously all embracing, but include the Judge Advocate General's department, and the Military Secretary's department.

Next comes the First Military Member, or Chief of the Imperial General Staff, Lord Gort, in charge of military operations, military intelligence, military training, and staff duties. The Second Military Member is the Adjutant-General, who looks after recruiting and the organisation of personnel, including mobilisation, personal services, discipline and the administration of military law, the medical services, hygiene and pathology. He is Lieut.-General Sir Robert Gordon-Finlayson.

The Third Military Member is the Quarter-Master General, Lieut.-General Sir Walter E. Venning. Movement and quartering, remounts and the Army Veterinary Corps (more important in the old days), the vitally important supplies and transport, works services, and the R.A.S.C. form his important pigeon.

Next come two I will take together, the Master of Ordnance (research, inspection, manufacture of ammunition, guns, etc., clothing equipment, military stores) and the Director-General of Munitions, who is Sir Harold Brown. There is now no Master of Ordnance as such, but these two departments are blended under Mr. Leslie Burgin as Minister of Supply, of which more later.

The Under-Secretary of State for War, Sir James Grigg, looks after military lands, valuations and compensations, and the Parliamentary and Financial Secretary, Sir Victor Warrender, is in charge of military finance, accounts, army contracts and audits. The post of Director-General of the Territorial Army has temporarily disappeared since the "Terriers" became regulars, which brings us to the final member, Lord Munster, the Permanent Under-Secretary of State, who is Secretary of the Army Council, watches the interior economy of the War Office, is Accounting Officer of Army Votes, Funds and Accounts, and gives advice on military expenditure.

Now if you can think of any branch of war-time army activity not represented in the above list, the fault is mine, for it is all-embracing. And every regiment will have a man who can consider himself the representative of one or more of the Army Council so far as his work is concerned. What happened then when it was seen that war was inevitable, mobilisation was ordered and transport of troops across to France was begun?

A fifth of our army, nearly 1,000,000 strong, was wanted for active service in France. Things had to move at once. Mr. Leslie Hore-Belisha pressed the self-starter, and like a vast high-powered engine, every piece greased and polished for months and months, and every cog knowing its work down to the N.C.O.s, it leapt into life.

Let me jump from the top to the bottom. Private McWhirter, of the Army Reserve, hears by telegram in Scotland that he must report at Aldershot at once. That telegram, with hundreds of thousands of others, was already written out and in the records offices of the regiments or battalions. It only needed sending off. He could draw his railway voucher and 5s. He sets off; the time of his arrival with another small party is known, and an N.C.O. knows where and when to meet him.

Already all the equipment he will need is waiting at his barracks. His name is on the list, his rifle ready and all the necessary ammunition, and rations of food for him and a thousand other McWhirters like him. The C.O. is anxious to be able to send to the War Office that vital telegram, "Am mobilised," as soon as possible. Each branch of his battalion has been delegated to complete its own stores and report readiness at the first moment. They did not know, though they probably guessed, whether they might receive "Mobilisation Order 'A'" or any other code mobilisation, according to their destination —France, Middle East, India.

Their transport, too, has been arranged. It is safe to say that Private McWhirter and his colleagues have probably marched less than any other private in any other war. Omnibuses (I love "embussing" and "debussing" as military terms) have been chartered in advance from the L.P.T.B. and other bus companies. The normal military lorries have been multiplied by four from private charter firms, either on hire or outright purchase, to carry men and equipment and stores.

The railways scheme applicable is put into operation and all that remains is for the ships, ready waiting, the convoys, the men, the stores, tanks, guns, to put to sea. And the details of Private McWhirter, even down to his issue of button-stick, polish, etc., are all filed away and probably at the War Office by now.

It sounds simple. I have used Private McWhirter as an example, and told it as an imaginary story, but it is actually exactly what happened as told me by officials who helped. If I have telescoped the description it is because it is impossible to get such a kaleidoscopic panorama into a straight picture form.

Take petrol, for example. That is a newish problem. Not only have ample supplies to be available all the time, but stores and dumps, and renewals for the dumps and transport to move it have to be ready. While the B.E.F. was on the move into its positions something like 200,000 gallons of petrol were needed each day.

In France, of course, billets, stores, and transport had been prepared. The system by which stores are brought to the troops is interesting. From railway they go to railhead. From railhead by road to supply column headquarters, where they are "broken up" from bulk, and sent on to a rendezvous, if necessary, where instructions are given as to the meeting points. From the meeting points the last stage is to the delivery points, where they are finally divided up for the units. All these sites have to be surveyed, charted, prepared, and probably camouflaged.

This is the job of the R.A.S.C. Roughly speaking, there are two supply columns for each unit, working alternately, with a third in reserve. It is not easy to get many figures of supply, but one reserve depot in France covers 15 sq. miles, and 150,000 tons a month was the rate at which supplies were handled. After all, a British Tommy takes a third of a ton of supplies a month to keep him comfortable in this war, and that is not taking into account ammunition. In the last war a peak day of firing called for 12,600 tons of ammunition, or 33 train loads, and it may be much greater this time.

I have no space to deal with the organisation of the chaplains, the paymaster's ultra important department, the vast work of the Royal Army Ordnance Corps (which comes under the Adjutant-General) and its "materials and garniture," camp equipment, clothing, personal necessities, and light repair shops, and half a dozen other vital services. I hope to do so in a later article in which I want to write about the Ministry of Supply.

I must not, however, omit the R.A.M.C., which has to be prepared always for the worst while hoping for the best. In this connection it is interesting to note the figures on which the R.A.M.C. bases calculations. It can calculate that the daily sickness, not from wounds, will be 3 in 1,000, or .3 per cent. In a battle the wounded may vary between 5 per cent. and 20 per cent. of all the troops involved. Of the wounded probably 40 per cent. will be walking cases, 35 per cent. will need sitting transport, and 25 per cent. lying transport. The proportion of killed to wounded is, on an average, as 1 to 4.

To complete the picture on a lighter note, apart from the millions of bottles of British beer which are going to France, one canteen out of the forty-one established has already sold nearly 1,300 bottles of whisky during this waiting war!

There may have been slight hitches—though I have heard of none, but when, as I said before, the history of this mobilisation and transportation is written, I hope the author will comment on the fact that the War Office had clearly studied Lieut.-General W. G. Lindsell's official manual mentioned above.

For he gives this naive advice, which has clearly been followed: "On the field of battle the fighting soldier must have all his needs brought up to him. He must not be required to turn his back on the enemy to go and fetch anything." Not even whisky, Private McWhirter.

A TRANSPORT RECEIVING STATION OF THE ROYAL ARMY SERVICE CORPS

This depot is used as a receiving station for vehicles of many kinds for Army use. After examination these vehicles are then sent to the units for which they are best suited. The above picture shows requisitioned lorries of many differing types, drawn from all parts of the country. Private cars in large numbers are also collected here

FOUR ASPECTS OF EUROPE

THE ONLY POLITICAL ORGANISATION NOW ALLOWED IN RUMANIA IS ADDRESSED BY ITS NEW CHIEF

Following the death of M. Armand Calinescu, the National Renaissance Front, the only political organisation allowed in Rumania, was left without a chief. A new chief has now been elected, M. Alexandre Giuesco (above)

THE POPE ADDRESSES HIS OWN FOLK AND THE CHURCH IN AN ENCYCLICAL

Before leaving his summer residence at Castel Gandolfo, His Holiness addressed his own people in general audience. This was followed by the message to the Church in the new Encyclical which exposes the danger of totalitarian paganism

THE DANISH ISLAND OF MÖEN AGAIN APPEARS IN THE FOREIGN NEWS

Evidence of the heavy mining of Baltic waters again appeared in the recent disaster to a German minesweeper near the Danish coast. The bodies of twenty-eight of the crew were buried at Stege, Island of Möen

THE CONDITION OF POLISH PRISONERS OF WAR UNDER THE NEW GERMAN REGIME

Reports from Poland tell sad stories of rough treatment of the inhabitants. There is, of course, a great mass of surrendered soldiery in the country and these are put to all sorts of menial work

THE WAR IN THE AIR—*Special Section of "The Sphere"*

THE TACTICS OF AERIAL WARFARE

The Lessons We Have Already Learned : And an Outline of Possible Future Strategy in the Air

Described by
CHARLES G. GREY

OFFICIAL communiqués of late have recorded that the various formations of enemy raiding aeroplanes which have attacked the British Fleet at Scapa Flow and in the Firth of Forth have suffered a high percentage of loss. The question naturally arises, what proportion of loss is enough to stop enemy raids?

During the War 1914–18, aeroplane raids practically ceased during the first quarter of 1918 because of the heavy losses. They ran to something like 25 per cent., if my memory is right. And if the number of raiders in the skirmishes of the past few weeks has been correctly estimated apparently the losses lately have also been something like 25 per cent., but the raids still continue. The assumption therefore seems to be that the moral of the German Air Force to-day is higher than it was in 1918—which seems very probable.

To give the enemy his due he has up to the present attacked strictly limited military objectives and has not even attempted to attack manufacturing centres where munitions are produced, which would be equally legitimate targets. We on our side have also refrained from attacking the enemy's sources of supply. The reasons for this mutual abstention are worth considering.

On our side at any rate the fear of losses among our fleets of bombers cannot be a reason for refraining from bombing. In fact, the chances of any one individual bombing crew being brought down in a very big raid are obviously less than would be the chances of individuals in a small formation.

The number of anti-aircraft guns and the number of defensive fighters, or interceptors as we generally call them, would be the same whether many or few aeroplanes attacked. Consequently the greater the number of attackers the fewer guns and interceptors would be able to concentrate on one individual, and so the greater would be the individual's chance of escaping unhurt.

We know that our Air Force has masses of bombers ready for big raids on enemy aerodromes and on munition centres, and we may assume that the Germans also have plenty of machines, even though the figures may be very much less than those which were so fatuously published by alarmists during the past year or two. And we may assume that the losses in the brief campaign in Poland were small.

We may assume therefore that neither the German High Command nor our own authorities want to bring the civil population into the bombing operations. This wish to keep the people out of the direct effect of the war, as apart from the effect of a sea blockade on either side, might be due to either of two quite contradictory reasons in the mind of either Government, (*a*) that bombing by the enemy might break the spirit of the people at home and make them agitate against the existing Government, or (*b*) that bombing of the enemy population might make them so savage that they would insist on fighting to a finish, and so might prolong the war.

We know from our own experiences in 1917 and the beginning of 1918, when bombing was fairly frequent in this country—although it was a small business compared with what it would be if air forces of the present size were engaged—that though there was quite a lot of panic in some quarters, and among certain classes of the population—mental rather than social classes—the result, taken all round, was that it raised the people of this country to a fury which had not been noticeable before the bombing began.

And there is no doubt that if the Germans started heavy bombing in this country the effect would be even stronger than it was in 1917. People are so thoroughly fed up with all this black-out business, and with limitations of their personal liberty in so many irritating little ways, not to mention the infliction on them of unwelcome guests, all the way from high and mighty Government officials quartered in big schools and hydros from which the lawful inmates have been evicted, down to country folk on whom, in many cases, particularly unpleasant children have been imposed, that the people would be ready to do anything to get the war over and done with.

On Germany, on the other hand, mass bombing might have a very different effect. Although the Germans as a whole, if one can class as a whole people so physically and mentally different as the Rhinelanders and the Silesians, may be more docile and regimentable than our people, even they have been getting a bit tired of the particular kind of bureaucracy which has been inflicted on them lately, and might turn on their rulers. That would be a very good reason for intensive bombing from our side. But we have told the world so often that we are making war on the Nazi Government and not on the German people that we cannot very well, in common decency, start bombing the German people.

THE MEN WHO ARE KEEPING OUR SKIES FREE

Pilot and navigator working out their course during an anti-submarine patrol off the British coast in a reconnaissance aircraft. These are the type of men who are making the skies free whilst their naval brothers are keeping the seas free. Over large expanses of open sea with no landmarks to guide them, navigation plays a very important part—in fact, the navigator on patrol is often kept busier than the pilot. In this picture the navigator is on the right. On his knee is his air map on which the course has been plotted, and in his right hand is his course-distance calculator, which plots for magnetic course, wind drift and aeroplane speed. The most important instrument of all—the compass—is right under the pilot's eye (just above the map). The other instruments on the dashboard are those now standardised in all Service aircraft. It will also be noted that both airmen are wearing parachute harness — the 'chute itself forms a convenient seat cushion!

In this connection a good many people have wanted to know why, when information came from Germany that masses of troops were being moved into the Siegfried defences, which are not a line but a great depth of supporting posts, we did not bomb the roads and railways along which the troops and their armament had to travel. A quite simple reason for not doing so would be that we might get a much better effect by allowing the German Army to collect in masses in the defence zone, and by then cutting their supplies behind them.

The railways, and the autobahnen, along which supplies would have to be brought, run through miles of open country where they could be bombed and bombed and bombed constantly without damaging anything more important than a road-tender's hut or a signal cabin on a railway or perhaps an odd farmhouse or so. The mass of troops in the defence line without supplies would not be very effective.

Naturally a disciplined fighting force such as our Royal Air Force or the German Luftwaffe will obey orders, but even when obeying orders a great deal depends on the spirit which animates the attacking force. In the last war there was a certain mutual respect between the opposing air forces. People used to talk about the "comradeship of the air," and the "chivalry of air fighters" and so forth. And certainly such feelings did exist, in spite of tales one used to hear about half a dozen fighters attacking one practically defenceless artillery observation machine, or of a fighter shooting an opponent down and then machine-gunning him on the ground after he had made a safe landing.

There were many instances, on the other hand, of a duel between fighters which went on until both pilots had shot off all their ammunition, after which they flew alongside and waved farewell to one another.

Since then the "comradeship of the air," a phrase which means better than it sounds, has increased. Aviators of many countries have flown over other countries and have learned that the people of those lands which they visited are not such bad sorts after all. There have been international flying meetings in this country and all over Europe at which good, bad and indifferent pilots of all nations met and fraternised in a way which is really only possible among specialists.

One finds the same kind of feeling at international horse shows and all sorts of international competitions. But the aviator has the advantage over all the other specialists in that he visits more countries more often. And quite distinctly there is a feeling that, although there is a definite personal joy to be got out of seeing one's bomb blow something to pieces—just as nobody ever quite grows out of the joy of putting a rock through a window—Air Force people as a whole would not get any real pleasure out of bombing the houses of workpeople who are unfortunate enough to live close to the munition factories in which they work.

Fighting another chap in the air, when each has an equal chance of getting hit, and incidentally each has an equal chance of escaping by parachute if his machine is set on fire, is quite another affair. Trying to drop bombs on merchant ships in convoys, when the aviators know that the crews are small and that the goods in the ships are intended to comfort an enemy, is a different game but quite interesting. Also we may hope that the highly trained aviators of to-day, in any nation, have progressed a little farther psychologically than the medieval man-at-arms who, as he lay dying, remarked philosophically "To burn and to pill is a good life."

But perhaps after all the chief motive on both sides in limiting the bombing to action against armed forces and neglecting all other legitimate military targets, is rather that nobody cares or dares to incur the international obloquy of bombing civil populations, particularly bearing in mind the fact that, as Lord Trenchard ironically remarked in the House of Lords some months ago, bombs invariably select women and children first as their victims.

With the R.A.F. in FRANCE

Above—**BEFORE THE FLIGHT: PILOTS STUDY THE MAP**
Fully equipped, with helmet, headphones, warm flying suit over uniform, parachute harness, the pilot and his observer discuss details of the forthcoming flight

"A LITTLE BIT OF ENGLAND" IN FRANCE
The commander of one unit of the R.A.F. in eastern France has helped his men to convert the little township where they are billeted into the replica of a typical English village, complete with local "pub." This is a scene in the barn which houses the sergeants' mess

On right—**OFF FOR A FLIGHT "SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE"**
The pilot waits for final instructions; the rear gunner is ready with cockpit raised; the propeller is turning; and all is set for the reconnaissance. This picture well illustrates the flat, undistinguished type of fields which now serve the R.A.F. as landing grounds at the seat of operations in France

ALLIED LIAISON PLANES LINED UP AT A WAR-TIME LANDING GROUND NEAR THE WESTERN FRONT

The effectiveness of camouflage for aeroplanes is fully apparent in this picture. There can be no question of the utility of camouflage, as the farther you hold this picture from you the less you see of the aeroplane in the foreground. All the old tricks of the last war—high flying, flying with the sun behind the plane, camouflage, etc., etc.—are being employed in the present, plus other tricks that are even now being evolved

THE DORNIER DO 18 TANDEM MOTOR FLYING-BOAT (WITH BOTH TRACTOR AND PUSHER PROPELLERS), USED BY THE GERMANS FOR THEIR

The above diagrammatic drawing was prepared from a picture taken in the North Sea after this Dornier flying-boat had been brought down in a recent air attack on the British Fleet. The attack lasted for over five hours and more than 100 bombs were dropped—but none found their mark. The crew were picked up by a British destroyer and taken prisoner; and the plane was then destroyed by gunfire. The crew, it may be mentioned, made their escape by means of a collapsible rubber boat (the British version of this—now carried on all British bombers—is illustrated fully on page 185 of this issue).

This Dornier DO 18 is a long-range flying-boat, as used by the Germans before the war on the transatlantic mail service between Bathurst, in British Gambia, and Port Natal, in Brazil. It has a total weight of 22,000 lb., or nearly 10 tons, with wings consisting of a fabric-covered metal skeleton (except the centre section which is covered with metal). Its semi-circular hull is constructed entirely of metal, with a V-bottom forward which becomes flat aft.

The power plant consists of two 500–600 h.p. Junkers Jumo 6-cylinder double opposed liquid-cooled Diesel motors. The forward motor drives a tractor air-screw direct, and the rear motor drives a pusher screw through a shaft 5 ft. long.

The weight of the boat empty is 12,265 lb., its equipment weighs 1,331 lb., fuel and oil 7,040 lb., its crew of four 702 lb., its bomb load 600 lb. Its top speed is 161 m.p.h., maximum ceiling 14,750 ft., and its range 3,220 miles. A similar version of this flying-boat with bigger wings has a bomb capacity of 1,100 lb., a speed of 155 m.p.h., and a range of 3,600 miles. Obviously its range could be reduced and its bomb load increased accordingly.

The Dornier DO 26, shown in the large drawing at the top of this page, is the latest development of this type of bomber.

The Air Ministry announcement concerning the first German aerial attack on a British convoy read as follows:—"Enemy aircraft were sighted this morning by a convoy in the North Sea. In response to

Drawing by Rowland Hilder

BEATING OFF THE BOMBER

DORNIER 18 AND DORNIER 26 FLYING-BOATS BEING DRIVEN OFF DURING AN ATTACK ON A CONVOY

IT was widely claimed by the German press before the war that with the improvement of underwater craft and aircraft, the British Navy would be proved obsolete in the event of war. After a number of unsuccessful engagements with warships German aircraft were directed against a British convoy a few days ago. After a brisk duel with the escort vessels, however, British fighters arrived and drove the enemy away, destroying at least four machines. The result of this engagement is significant, for the enemy lost heavily without accomplishing a single hit. It is early to be definite yet, but it certainly looks as if the German High Command has seriously overrated the power of air attack against surface vessels, in making calculations for a Lightning War. The Dornier DO 18 flying-boats (of which one is seen in the bottom left of the drawing above) has a speed of 150 miles (further details of this type are given below—on left). Above the Dornier 18 in this drawing is seen a Dornier DO 26—a four-engined flying-boat which has a speed of 208 m.p.h. No actual evidence is available that this type participated in the attack—but it is known that the 26 is now being tried out by the Germans. To the right of the picture are seen British single-seater fighters of the Spitfire and Hurricane types (speeds 360 and 335 m.p.h. respectively) driving off the attackers.

ATTACKS ON BRITISH NAVAL CONVOYS

a signal, fighter aircraft were dispatched and the enemy made off. This afternoon, an actual attack was made on the convoy by enemy aircraft. The escort vessels opened fire, and our fighters inflicted casualties on the enemy."

Further details disclosed that of the twelve raiders engaged, four were brought down and the remainder driven off. Not one British ship or aircraft was damaged or suffered casualties. This goes to show that a lot of talk about the supremacy of the bomber over naval vessels may have been greatly over-exaggerated.

HOW THE BOMBER PERFORMS ITS DEADLY TASK

This picture shows one of the bombing planes of the German "Condor" squadron, which played such a large part in the war in Spain, where German pilots helped General Franco to defeat the Republicans. It will be noticed that two guns—one above and one below—protect the bomber from attack from behind. The bombs are released two at a time by pressing a lever

THE SLIM, SLENDER OUTLINE OF DESTRUCTI

SINISTER IN APPEARANCE AND DEADLY IN EFFECT, THE TWIN-ENGINED WHITLEY HEAVY BOMBER HURTLING THROUGH THE SKIES AT OVER 200 M.P.H.

In its choice of bombers, the British R.A.F. has nothing whatever to fear from any adversary. The deadly-looking Whitley twin-engined bomber pictured above is an Armstrong-Whitworth product. Of a weight approximating 10 tons loaded, the Whitley has a top speed of 215 m.p.h., a ceiling of 22,000 ft., and a cruising range of 1,315 miles. It normally carries a crew of five—pilot, second pilot (who is also the bomb-aimer, wireless operator, and a second gu that in this bomber there is a passage-way th rear fuselage with a walk-way to a gun-turret h The "military load"—ammunition and bombs.

THE UNUSUAL, GLASS-FRONTED HAMPDEN — THE HANDLEY PAGE FAST BOMBER WHICH HAS A MOST UNCONVENTIONAL APPEARANCE

This is a completely new type of bomber, which also presents an appearance completely new to this country. The fuselage is very deep and narrow in front and just aft of the wings suddenly shallows to allow of a gun position firing under the tail. Aft of this gun position the fuselage is very thin, and so produces the minimum of obstruction to the field of fire of the gunners above and below the fuselage. The machine is fast, so fast that it is said to have a top speed not much below that of m service in R.A.F. squadrons. The crew consists of f three are gunners. With fuel tanks in the wing (a aircraft) there is a system of internal bomb-sto the wings. Particular attention should be paid to behind which the pilot sits: visibility is exce

TION— THE DEADLY MIGHT OF BRITAIN'S LONG-RANGE BOMBERS

the navigator), first gunner and
d gunner. It is interesting to note
y through the spar-frame to the
ret in the extreme tail of the plane.
mbs, that is—is about 1½ tons!

of many fighters at present in
s of four, of whom no fewer than
ing (as is usual in this type of
b-stowage in the fuselage below
d to the Perspex-fronted fuselage
exceptional in every direction

MOST FAMOUS, PERHAPS, OF ALL BRITISH HIGH-PERFORMANCE BOMBERS —THE 285 M.P.H. BRISTOL BLENHEIM

This high-performance day-and-night bomber is probably the most famous aircraft at present in service. Its speed and manœuvrability are such that, although not so designed primarily, it can hold its own with fighter-aircraft. The Blenheim has a crew of three—pilot, bomb-aimer-navigator, and wireless operator-gunner. It carries its bombs internally, in the centre section of the fuselage, and aft of the wing has a rear gun-turret mounted midway along the top of the fuselage. The maximum speed is 285 m.p.h., and its estimated cruising range is 1,125 miles

THE HUMAN FACTOR IN THE AIR

The Four Principal Types of British Aircraft, and their Crew-carrying Capacity

THE DIVE-BOMBER—THE BLACKBURN SKUA
This two-seat aeroplane is a "dive-bomber monoplane" specifically designed as a ship-plane for the Fleet Air Arm. It is the first monoplane produced for naval use, and it incorporates all the necessary features and equipment for oversea flying from aircraft-carriers. The Skua incorporates one feature which distinguishes it from all other aircraft—specially designed wing-flaps set *forward* of the trailing (or rear) edge of the wings, which can be lowered or raised at high speed without appreciable change of "trim." These are used to limit the diving speed which might otherwise become uncontrollable when aiming at a target below. This type has been in big-scale production for the Government by the Blackburn Company since 1937

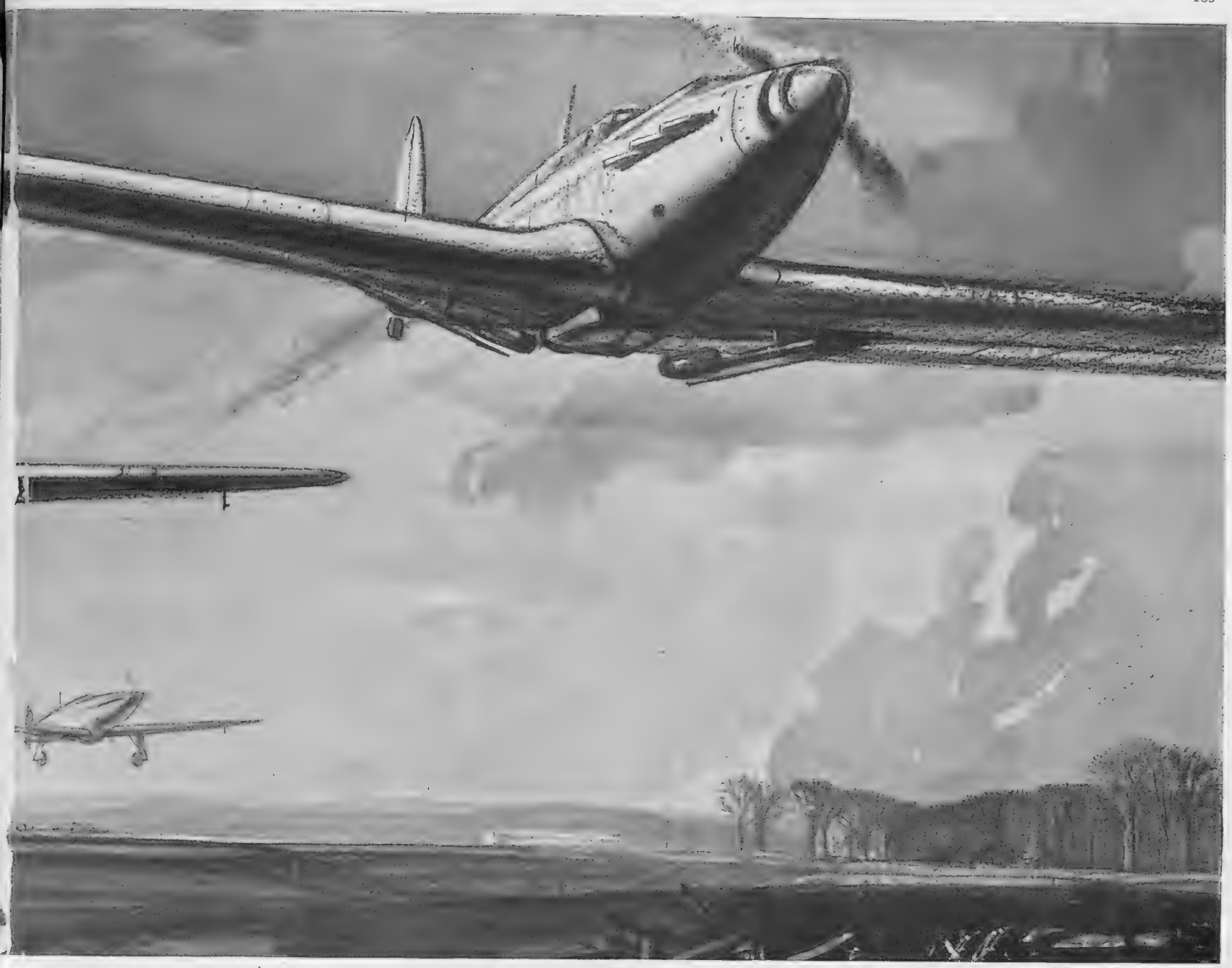
Drawings by Rowland Hilder

BRITISH FIGHTERS TAKING OFF TO ASSIST IN BEATING OFF GERMAN ATTACKS ON COAST OR CONVOY

This is a scene which has been taking place at a large number of aerodromes, not only for practice or patrol flights but also in the actual work of beating off a potential bomber or enemy reconnaissance machine on the Scottish or east coast. The group of Hawker Hurricanes is just leaving the ground, to take up their formation above the aerodrome before hurtling at well over 300 m.p.h. towards their prey. Each plane, the moment it is air-borne and at a reasonable height above the ground, withdraws its undercarriage for greater ease of take-off and for greater speed in the air

AERIAL COMBAT OVER THE WESTERN FRONT—AN ENGAGEMENT BETWEEN THE GERMAN MESSERSCHMITT 109 FIGHTERS AND BRITISH RECONNAISSANCE FAIREY BATTLES

This drawing is an attempt to show the redoubtable German Messerschmitt ME 109 fighter aeroplanes which are now making their appearance in aerial combat on the Western Front in France. These are the two planes seen on the left of the above drawing. The Messerschmitt has been very greatly discussed in British aviation circles—some maintaining that it is a very potent factor in aerial warfare, others declaring that it is greatly overrated both as to speed and reliability. The latest type—the ME 109, a single-seat fighter—has a 1,150-h.p. Daimler-Benz engine, which gives it a speed of 350 m.p.h. at about 12,000 ft. It is armed with four machine-guns and one cannon. It is known that there have been instances of this aircraft breaking up in the air—but whether this has been due to defects in construction or to bad pilotage has not yet been established. The aeroplanes seen to the right of our drawing are Fairey Battles—which have a speed of from 210 to 250 m.p.h., and which are used as two-seat medium bombers, or for reconnaissance. Further details of this type are given elsewhere on this page



THE SINGLE-SEAT FIGHTER—THE SUPERMARINE SPITFIRE

This is the fastest military aeroplane in the world: the performance and other details of this wonderful machine are still kept secret. It is a "single-seat day-and-night fighter monoplane," and is fitted with a Rolls-Royce Merlin engine, retractable undercarriage and split trailing-edge flaps. The Spitfire has an exceptional cleanliness and stiffness of wings and fuselage never before attained for a comparable weight in this class of aircraft. The manœuvrability of the Spitfire and its aerobatic qualities—of vital importance in aerial warfare—are things to marvel at. With both the Spitfire and the Hurricane (an almost equally potent aircraft), both in large-scale production, the R.A.F. are assured of the very finest aeroplanes

THE TWO-SEATER MEDIUM BOMBER, OR RECONNAISSANCE, PLANE—THE FAIREY BATTLE

This type also figures in the drawing on left. It is variously used as a day bomber or for reconnaissance duties. With a loaded weight of 5 tons (10,792 lb.), the Battle has a Rolls-Royce Merlin engine, liquid-cooled and of twelve cylinders. Its speed at sea level is 210 m.p.h., rising to 250 m.p.h. at 20,000 ft.; its range varies from 640 miles to 1,000 miles according to its height and throttle opening. It will be noticed that the pilot enjoys exceptional visibility—his cockpit being in line with the leading edge of the wing. The rear gunner (or observer) is also housed in the continuous transparent fairing, with a hinged section over his cockpit, however, to permit free and sheltered use of the back gun to drive off attackers

Drawings by Roy Nockolds

THE FOUR-SEATER LONG-RANGE BOMBER—THE VICKERS WELLINGTON

The principal point to be observed here is that this bomber is a twin-engined machine. It has two Bristol Pegasus radial engines—geared and supercharged—which give 1,800 h.p. at 17,500 ft. No performance figures of this type are available, but some measure of its capacity is indicated by the wonderful long-distance flight by other Vickers aeroplanes of a similar type, the Wellesley, which flew last year from Egypt to Australia, a distance *non-stop* of 7,160 miles. The Wellington has alternate accommodation for a crew of four or seven. In its construction the now famous system of Vickers-Wallis Geodetic construction is followed, which gives tremendous strength coupled with comparative ease of production. This machine has been ordered in quantity for the R.A.F.

For Reconnaissance and Army Co-operation

Above—A wonderful study of the Avro Anson—the twin-engined coastal reconnaissance monoplane now largely used on anti-submarine patrols off the British coast. Before the outbreak of war this type of aeroplane was used for the instruction of the recently inaugurated class of "air observer." The Anson has a maximum speed of 188 m.p.h.

On left—The somewhat oddly-shaped Westland Lysander, a two-seat Army Co-operation monoplane which carries a pilot and observer-gunner. This aeroplane is probably one of the handiest now employed by the R.A.F., and it may best be described as "the Handmaiden of the Army," so diverse are its uses. It has a top speed of nearly 230 m.p.h.

Below—A brood of Wellingtons, further details of which are given on p. 183 of this issue

FLOATING TO SAFETY IN A COLLAPSIBLE BOAT

"THE LIFEBOAT OF THE AIR" CARRIES ITS LOAD TO SAFETY

The collapsible rubber boat has on several occasions recently been the means of bringing enemy aviators to safety

THE D TYPE DINGHY

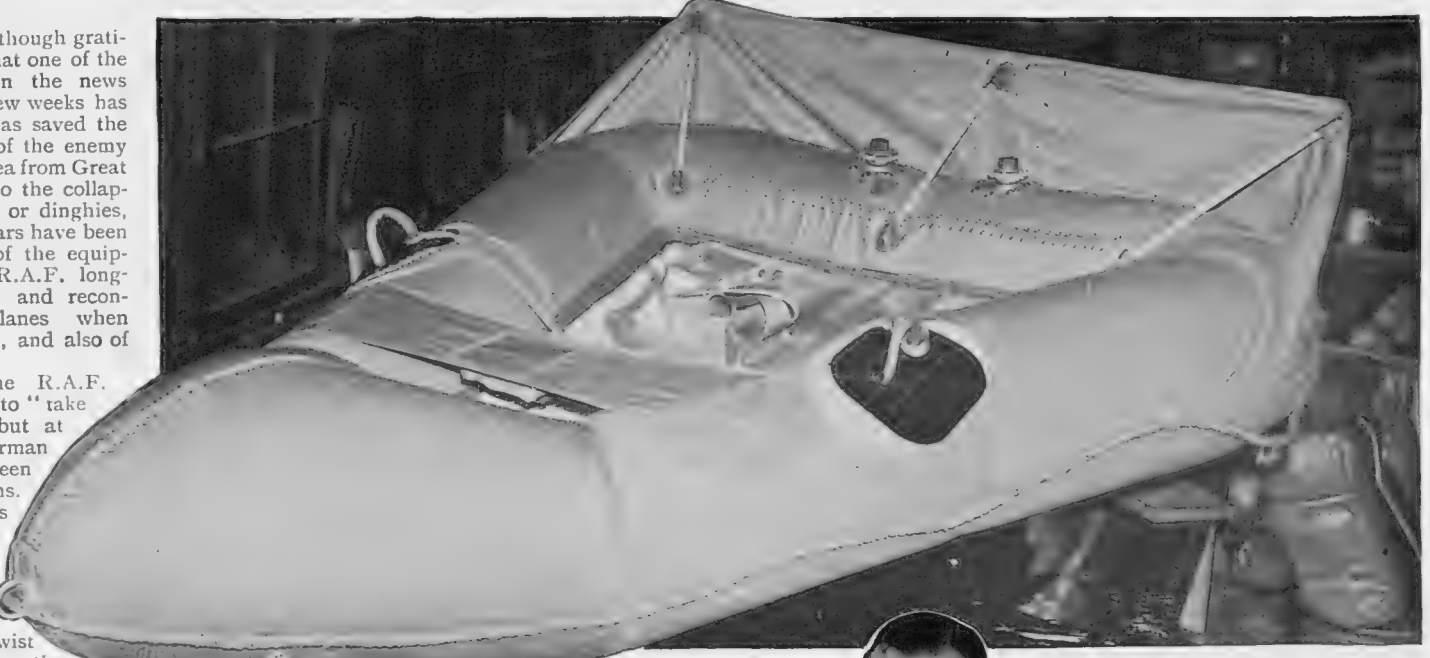
The D type dinghy ready to be placed on a British flying-boat

RAPID INFLATION OF THE COLLAPSIBLE BOAT

One flask containing 20 cub. ft. of compressed air is sufficient to inflate the triangle in 30 seconds

IT is a strange, though gratifying, irony that one of the inventions most in the news during the past few weeks has been one which has saved the lives of a number of the enemy—who took the idea from Great Britain. I refer to the collapsible rubber boats, or dinghies, which for some years have been a standard part of the equipment of all our R.A.F. long-distance bombers and reconnaissance aeroplanes when working over seas, and also of seaplanes.

Fortunately the R.A.F. have not needed to "take to the boats," but at least seven German aviators have been saved by this means. The Germans frankly admit that they took the idea from our R.A.F. and not even Dr. Goebbels's propaganda can twist that round into an anti-Winston Churchill attack.



THE BRITISH TRIANGULAR COLLAPSIBLE BOAT INFLATED AND READY FOR USE

This type is made for the Air Ministry by Siebe Gorman. It is very cleverly contrived, with seats and rowlocks, weighs 56 lb., and is 8½ ft. in length

EXperiments in lightening these rubber lifeboats have been progressing for some years. For the bigger aeroplanes or seaplanes there are models capable of taking twelve passengers. Others can even hoist a sail and all, of course, are equipped with light oars.

The type of rubber boat shown here is triangular, and altogether more boat-like in shape than those of the circular pattern, and is being manufactured by Siebe Gorman for the Air Ministry. It is known as the D type dinghy and measures 6 ft. across at the back, where freeboard is given to those sitting at the back by a screen. It is planned to hold six people with a cleverly-placed seat for the rower. The boat can be folded until it is a little over a yard in diameter. Its weight is only 56 lb. which is important on an aeroplane where every pound counts.

NExt after weight and stability the most important factor is speed of launching. One smallish tube of compressed air, attached to a nozzle in the stern of the dinghy, will fill it with 20 cub. ft. of compressed air in 30 secs.

To bundle it overboard and climb in takes no longer per man, and as a heavy aeroplane on a normal sea can float for an hour, there is an ample margin of time!

Recently, German versions of these "airman's last resorts" have carried men to safety for three days.

Of comfort there is none, but at least the green flax outer covering of duck material, proofed against rot with cuprammanium, is waterproof, and as one airman put it to me, "Better to be above the water than under it any time."

A ROWER SEATED IN THE BOW OF THE TRIANGULAR BOAT

The rowlocks are fitted on to specially strengthened pads, and the rower's feet press against a rope stretched between the two rowlocks. *On right*—The boat rolled up after use

MR. LEONARD SACHS, chairman of the enterprising little Players' Theatre, which continues in its new home in Newport Street despite the "black-out" and despite earlier opening and closing hours

MISS HEDLI ANDERSON, "The latest newcomer to the Joys," singing the ballad, "Her Golden Hair was Hanging Down Her Back"

MISS NUNA DAVEY, another of the Players' Theatre's brilliant company, singing "I Won't be a Nun"

THE PLAYERS' THEATRE.—One of the brightest and most entertaining shows in town to-day—despite the "black-out"—is "Ridgeway's Late Joys" at the Players' Theatre in Newport Street. The Joys, alas, are not so late nowadays; but they are nevertheless as bright now as when they first opened in King Street, Covent Garden, many months ago. The company consists of a band of brilliant entertainers who present famous songs of the past (and early present) century and who invariably can count on the audience to help them in the choruses. Originally, the Players' Theatre opened when other theatres closed: to-day, however, they begin at nine o'clock and close at a reasonable hour to allow the spectators to reach home before midnight. The character studies we reproduce here depict certain of the principals of this gallant little company in the period costumes they wear during their performance

MR. ARCHIE HARRADINE, a most versatile and accomplished Cockney delineator, in the costume in which he sings the macabre "Mrs. Dyer, the Baby Farmer"

MISS MAY HALLATT, whose dramatic monologue "by George R. Sims" usually ends up in a riot!

PHILIP PAGE on the CURRENT DRAMA

Reviews of the Latest London Theatrical Productions

THE farcical comedy, *The French for Love*, by Marguerite Steen and Derek Patmore, tried out at Richmond and now transferred to the Criterion Theatre, went a good deal more smoothly than its title. There is much in it that the French are supposed to call (but never do) *un peu shockeeng*, for it is based on the idea—to discuss the validity of which would be beside the point as well as a trifle embarrassing—that in the matter of love our friends and allies across the Channel are not only more practised but more practical.

A nice young English lad, staying in the south of France, is going to marry a nice young English girl. The trouble is that they are both a damned sight *too* nice, in more senses of the word than one. They have much to learn and are taught still more (before, I presume, living happily together ever after) by, respectively, a charmingly fortyish French housekeeper and a rather less charming French servant-about-the-house of the type which, in the old days of Palais Royal farce, used to wear a yellow and black striped waistcoat and treat the audience to naughtily witty asides.

Mlle Alice Delysia played the gentle instructress with a sly charm which could not have been more in her vein if the play had been written round her. Possibly it was. She is a grand comedienne, as we middle-aged cronies who saw her delight London in the war-to-end-war-before-the-present-one so joyously remember. To her, time means nothing. She does not, like Mr. Dunne or Mr. Wells or Mr. Priestley, make experiments with it. She just defies it.

Mr. Cecil Parker is always amusing and polished in a suave, eupeptic way. Mr. John Penrose and Miss Rosalind Boulter as the young couple were well up to this high comedy standard, so too was Miss Athene Seyler with such poor chances as she had. Of one of these she made splendid use—a rare picture of imbecile caninolatry in its most sickening form. This may prove dangerous; for if the scene of this little play is French, its audiences will be English, by the majority of whom all digs at dogs are reckoned among the major blasphemies.

"Can You Hear Me, Mother?"—The Coliseum has tried, usually with complete success, entertainments of the most varied styles. A new note has now been struck with *Can You Hear Me, Mother?* that note being homely domesticity, devised and mainly interpreted by Mr. Sandy Powell, whose mother was in a box at the opening performance by way of emphasising the domesticity.

Not only is such homely fare new to the wide spaces of the Coliseum; Mr. Powell, a plump little man with a facial resemblance to Franz Schubert, is new to London, but, I understand, a great provincial favourite. He is a good comedian but his style is rather too confidential for a big theatre; if his mother could hear him, there were times when I could not. His entertainment has the merit of being unpretentious, the humour dealing, sometimes rather wistfully, with bottled beer, coffee stalls, squabbling married couples and so forth, with references to A.R.P. work and to Göring and Hitler to bring it up-to-date.

A farcical trial scene had some merit and the work of Mr. Roy Jefferies was a strong asset. A comely female chorus marched and countermarched and males sang and blew into saxophones. Miss Marie Weldon's imitations of stage favourites had the excitement of uncertainty, though her impression of her famous father, the late Harry Weldon, was unmistakable.

"Let's Face It."—At the Chanticleer Theatre, Clareville Street, S.W.7 (not an easy place to find in a black-out, for the London taximan knows not highbrow theatrelets and *revue intime*), where I saw *Let's Face It*, one faces it pretty closely. So small is the auditorium that one can see the beads of perspiration on a comedian's brow and each particular eyelash of an actress.

It is inevitable that there should be about any entertainment in such circumstances an atmosphere of what our Victorian forebears called Theatre-Royal-Back-Drawing-Room; yet there is much that is excellent in this tiniest of revues, notably the work throughout of Mr. Charles Heslop (the ideal funny man for a revue of any size), the songs, old and new, at the piano of Mr. Nat D. Ayer (who wrote many favourites of the last war, including "If You Were the Only Girl in the World"), the prettiness and piquancy of Miss Dorothy Hyson, and the charm and brilliant sense of comedy of Miss Helen Payne, who will, assuredly, become known and liked in more accessible spots than the neighbourhood of Gloucester Road Station.

There is some catchy music, composed by Mr. Geoffrey Wright, and most of the sketches are amusing, one concerning life in India during the very wet season being the best of them. Others lost their edge through being unduly prolonged, and *Evening Becomes Electric*, in spite of a happy title, proved quite remarkably un-funny.

OFF TO THE WAR —IN WILTSHIRE

Members of the Women's Auxiliary Territorial Service "somewhere in Wiltshire" have plenty to do. Under the command of Lady Lawrence, they are acting as cooks, clerks, lorry drivers and staff car drivers to the Army. Here are two gallant members of the corps—Sergeant M. H. Thorne (on left) and Volunteer R. Henderson—on the motor cycles which they use to go to and from their military duties

—W.A.T.S.—

IN HER WAR-TIME KIT

Junior Commander Gillian Dearmer, of the W.A.T.S., who is now on the staff at the War Office in Whitehall

READY FOR WORK IN WILTSHIRE!

Miss E. Whitwell (on left) and Miss D. Levison, looking very smart and business-like in their dungarees, off to the garage for a little maintenance work on their cars

A PRETTY RECORD-HOLDING TRIO OF W.A.T.S.

From left to right are the Misses Doreen, Peggy and Kathleen Edwards—the three pretty daughters of Mr. M. Edwards of Tulse Hill. All are under twenty-four years of age, all joined the Women's Auxiliary Territorial Service before the war, and all are now serving with the same company under war-time conditions

THE SCHOOL WITHOUT INKPOTS

The Boys of Malvern College in Their New Palace Home

SPLENDOUR —

A CLASS AT WORK BENEATH THE FAMOUS BLENHEIM TAPESTRIES

A special skirting had had to be placed in all the chief rooms to protect panelling and the base of tapestries. This one shows Marlborough, on right, with his generals in front of Blenheim battlefield

LUNCH IN THE STATELY HALL OF BLENHEIM PALACE

Beyond the long rows of hungry scholars is a screen bearing war relics which appear to be of the Blenheim battle period. The lock on the door is of baronial character

AND SQUALOR—

A SCIENCE LESSON IN THE LAUNDRY—
A science lesson is held under a canopy of garments hanging on a big wooden frame

THE LIBRARY AT BLENHEIM HAS NOW BECOME A HUGE DORMITORY

The whole of the ground floor of the great Vanbrugh palace has been converted into dormitories. Here is one occupying the library and music room

"PREP" IN THE DORMITORY— Notes must be written in pencil —ink is taboo

This scene of "prep" in a dormitory tells a story. The scholar is using a lead pencil, for any use of ink is forbidden to the school during its period of occupancy

SURROUNDED BY ARMOUR

Morning milk is enjoyed amidst the strange surroundings of martial souvenirs from great battlefields

One of the most astonishing adaptations of great buildings to war uses has been the taking over of Blenheim Palace by Malvern College. The huge palace, designed by Vanbrugh for the great victor of Blenheim, was carried out on such a scale that the cost exceeded the £500,000 voted by a grateful nation. The architect designed it almost entirely with the idea of expressing his own ideas for a palatial residence; the interior is classically ornate, as can be seen in one or two of the views given here. The house has lost some of its great treasure of pictures by sale, but it still contains a wealth of great tapestries and a large number of family portraits by well-known painters. The scholars from Malvern work in close proximity to these treasures, but it is not expected that the latter will receive any damage. The lower parts of the walls are protected by a dado of woodwork and the further precaution of a complete embargo on the use of ink shows the owners have taken wise care.

THE PARACHUTIST AND THE CAMOUFLAGIST

The First is Not a Serious Problem, But the Second is a Very Important Gentleman

The War in the Air Described by CHARLES G. GREY

(formerly Editor of *The Aeroplane*)

NEWSPAPER reports last week stated, strictly unofficially, that British troops were making preparations to receive possible attacks by German parachute troops. As a statement of bare fact that is probably true, because in war one must be prepared for anything that can possibly happen no matter how unlikely it may seem. But few things, even in this curious war, could be more unlikely than an attack by parachute troops anywhere behind the lines in France.

The idea of stowing a number of soldiers in an aeroplane and dropping them out with parachutes was first tried in Russia. Actually, the idea was first suggested by Lieut.-Colonel L. V. S. Blacker, of The Guides, the originator of the expedition which flew over Mount Everest, in a story published in *Blackwood's*. He imagined a frontal attack by British troops on a bellicose Pathan tribe on the North-west Frontier which was defeated by dropping a company of native troops with parachutes some distance behind them so that they were attacked from the rear.

It was a fantastic idea, pretty nearly as fantastic as the suggestion which I made myself during the last war that, as we had so often been on the point of breaking through the Hindenburg Line, we might do it in earnest by landing two or three hundred old-type aeroplanes, each carrying three men with machine-guns, just behind the German lines and creating such a diversion in one spot in the rear of the German lines that our tanks, backed up by infantry, could make a big enough hole to let the cavalry through and take a very considerable part of the German line in rear so that a great advance could be made by one or other of our armies.

Parachute troops might be used for some such purpose as that, namely to help in making a small hole in a well-held line which might be enlarged to a very big hole. But, against modern fortifications such as the Maginot Line or the Siegfried positions, or even such defence lines as the so-called "Iron Belt" at Bilbao or the "Iron Belt" of Catalonia, an attack by a few hundred or even a few thousand men in rear of the line would be useless. They would merely become a "suicide detachment" or a "forlorn hope."

If one army knew that the general headquarters of the enemy, complete with Commander-in-Chief, headquarters staff and all, were situated in a certain place and were inadequately guarded, possibly a detachment of a thousand men or two might be dropped helter-skelter out of the sky practically on top of G.H.Q., and if they were prepared to murder the enemy Commander-in-Chief and all his staff they might do something towards winning the war. But obviously they could not get away with their prisoners and they could do no good by stopping and fighting.

The limit to the number of parachute troops that can be dropped is obviously the size of the aeroplanes and the number of them that can be spared for the job. I do not know of any aeroplane which could carry more than thirty soldiers complete with parachute packs and arms and ammunition. And such aeroplanes are comparatively slow and very large and would be an easy mark for defensive fighters and anti-aircraft gunners. And, if there were any troops about, the descending parachutists would offer what the men on the ground would probably consider very sporting shots.

During the last war, when people used to leap out of kite balloons, when the balloons had been set on fire, the attacking party was not supposed to shoot at the parachutists or their parachutes. It was not considered the sporting thing to do. That may have been the right spirit but it was not sense, because obviously when a man escaped with a parachute all he had to do was to find another balloon and go up again.

In those days only the Germans had parachutes which they used from aeroplanes. And many of their pilots were saved by their parachutes. But I never heard of any of our people shooting at them.

Even in the Spanish Civil War, when feeling was much more bitter than it was in the War 1914–18, and parachute jumping was very common, attacking pilots seldom shot at the parachutes.

On the other hand, parachute troops, as such, deliberately descend, not to save their lives, but with the object of attacking the people on the ground, so there would be no doubt about the propriety of shooting at them. But they would be hard to hit with a rifle-bullet, or even with a machine-gun, until they were quite close to the ground and could, so to speak, be sawn off with a machine-gun.

NAVAL AND AIR OPERATIONS COMBINED

A seaplane being catapulted from the deck of H.M.S. *Sheffield* on the high seas

In open warfare, especially against a retreating and demoralised enemy, parachute troops might be useful, if landed far enough away not to be shot as they came down, on such jobs as capturing a village, fortifying it, and blocking a main line of retreat, or capturing a bridge and holding it or blowing it up. They might even be landed where they could hold a mountain pass and block a retreat.

They would be of little use against an advancing army because if they did land near lines of communication and blow up the bridges and such things they would have practically no chance of getting away again.

One can easily imagine conditions in which a commanding officer might deliberately throw away a platoon to achieve some such object, but a battalion, full strength, would need at least forty aeroplanes to carry it and that is a bigger fleet of aircraft than anybody has seen in action so far in this war.

In the last war both sides used parachutes quite a good deal for dropping spies behind the enemy lines. Naturally they were dropped in the dark. Some of them carried baskets of pigeons with them so that they could communicate with their own people. Many of them got back through Holland or Switzerland.

Some of them used to be picked up by meeting an aeroplane of their own army at a pre-arranged spot. That was about the riskiest possible job for the aviator, for it meant a night landing without landing-flares and in enemy territory. I do not know how many of our aviators were captured in that way, but I do know some who were not.

Looking all round the subject I cannot see any practical use for parachute troops so long as the ground war remains static behind fortifications. There has been talk in some papers about a possible invasion of England by parachute troops. That is merely silly. We must allow the German High Command the credit of having some sense.

After all, the Germans have always been good practical soldiers, as we learned at some cost in 1914–18. And no general is going to throw away a few thousand picked men—for mark you the parachute troops are picked men—merely to cause a little local disturbance in the country with which he is at war. Even 10,000 men if landed in England, without support, could do nothing beyond a little burning of villages and so forth. And 10,000 men would need a fleet of some 400 aeroplanes to transport them. And I am pretty certain that the Germans have not got 400 aeroplanes which would carry thirty men apiece. That is not the sort of thing they have been building.

An interesting piece of information in the official news last week was that a number of R.A.F. machines had been successful in getting photographs of aerodromes in northern Germany. Those pictures ought to be interesting, for the Germans have been practising camouflaging their aerodromes for quite a long while.

Somewhere about two years ago, a friend of mine who did a lot of air touring about Europe was flying across Germany and rather lost himself, so he started to look for a German Air Force aerodrome which he knew ought to be somewhere about where he thought he was. He found all the landmarks but the aerodrome had disappeared.

Then, by flying low, he found the buildings, pretty nearly blotted out by camouflage or by what in these days is officially called shadow-shading, but the vast aerodrome itself seemed to have been cut up into small fields. Then he saw a German aeroplane land, taxi happily across the apparent hedges, and saw that what looked like such things were in fact the effects of clever painting.

I am told that creosote trickled across a field out of a receptacle on a truck gives quite a good imitation of a ditch. And a good deal can be done by trickling different coloured dyes alongside it. Whole fields of different kinds of vegetation can be simulated by spraying different coloured dust and/or liquid over the surface between imitation hedges and ditches.

Of course, they are not very convincing when one flies low down, but when one expects to see the vast green area of an aerodrome and sees it all cut up by criss-cross lines, the average aviator would be diffident about landing on it, and unless he knew the place very well indeed he probably would not recognise it. There used to be a story going about, too, concerning pilots who belonged to an aerodrome near London and had been away on duty in the country somewhere and could not find their own aerodrome when they tried to fly back to it. They had to land at a neighbouring civil aerodrome and ask whether their compasses had gone wrong or they themselves had gone mad.

Although it has nothing to do directly with the war, the departure of General Valle from the post of Under-Secretary of State for Air in Italy, and so in effect Air Officer Commanding in Chief of the Regia Aeronautica, or Royal Italian Air Force, will come as a surprise to most people. General Valle is a most charming person and much respected and liked in the Regia Aeronautica. Apart from being a good soldier with a fine war record, he has a real understanding of the peace value of air transport, if properly developed.

One of the greatest hindrances to the development of air transport ever since it was re-created in 1919 has been the insistence by all nations on having prohibited areas at all sorts of inconvenient places over which no aeroplane, other than those of their own flying services, are allowed to fly. We in this country have comparatively few. One is not supposed to fly directly over Chatham Dockyard or over Portsmouth Dockyard, but that is about all.

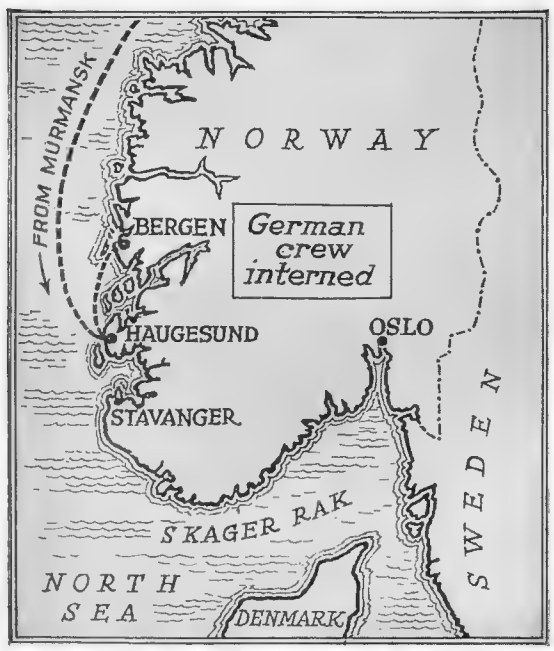
On the other hand, if one wants to fly from France to Italy one has to fly six miles out at sea over the Mediterranean.

General Valle was all in favour of abolishing these prohibited areas, and making the air free to everybody. He said that Italy would gladly abolish her prohibited areas if other countries would do the same. He told me that prohibited areas were obviously no hindrance to getting photographic information about what lay inside them. And he showed me a photograph of Rome taken from 15,000 ft. which stood enlarging to such an extent that one could see the cars in the streets.

If one wants photographs of a neighbouring country's prohibited areas all one has to do is to fly over one's own frontier and take photographs of the other country's territory slightly obliquely. Of course, one needs good weather for that sort of thing, and that presumably is why, on a day when the atmosphere was not too good, some of our people went photographing at 600 ft. along the Siegfried Line—unless, as another R.A.F. person has kindly suggested, they lost their way, and were flying along the line in the hope of reading the names of the stations, to tell them where they were.

THE RUSSO-FINLAND DISPUTE

The situation was very tense during the past week-end, Finland not being disposed to give way on vital points. The Finnish frontier only measures some 35 miles as the crow flies



On left—**WHERE THE AMERICAN VESSEL "CITY OF FLINT" PUT IN DURING LAST WEEK-END**

Haugesund, the small Norwegian port where the *City of Flint* put in and where the German prize crew was interned by the Norwegian authorities, lies north of Stavanger

Below—**HALF IN FRANCE AND HALF IN SWITZERLAND:**

A strange situation has been created at the frontier village of St. Gingolf, on Lake Geneva, Switzerland. Half the village is in Switzerland, the other half belonging to France. In peace-time, owing to special agreements, villagers could cross the frontier as they pleased. But now the frontier in the centre of the village is manned by soldiers and customs officials. Their shopping often takes the women from one half of the village into the other, so now a special shopping hour has been fixed every day between 4 and 5 o'clock in the afternoon, when the housewives may cross the frontier. The situation on the German side of the Swiss frontier is dubious. A nearby motor road has been closed to civilian traffic

WHERE THE MEUSE RUNS UP TO GERMANY

It was on this frontier that the northernmost part of the German advance took place in 1914, the fighting continuing down the Meuse Valley

THE ROCKY BANK OF THE MEUSE AT HOUSE

The village street here was completely demolished during the Great War as also was Bouvigne on the opposite shore

A DELIGHTFUL BEND OF THE RIVER MEUSE AT NAMUR

This attractive place was heavily shelled during the German advance, the last forts falling on August 25, 1914

THE ANCIENT CITADEL AT NAMUR FROM WHICH SPLENDID VIEWS OF THE SAMBRE AND THE MEUSE ARE OBTAINED

BEAUTIFUL STRASBOURG—

Lonely After the Evacuation of Its 500,000 Inhabitants

The Bustling Crowd has Gone from Deserted Streets which Still Show their Flower Boxes at the Windows

SECOND ONLY TO COLOGNE: THE CATHEDRAL OF STRASBOURG

The tower of the cathedral is famous both for its height and the delicacy of the stonework through which staircases climb. The summit of the steeple was damaged by a German shell in 1870

THE CAPITAL OF ALSACE-LORRAINE: A PLAN OF STRASBOURG AND SECTION THROUGH THE RHINE VALLEY

The picturesque city of Strasbourg is situated mainly on an island enclosed by the two branches of the River Ill. The place was fortified by Vanteau and later under German occupation. There is a new section of the city known as Strasbourg Allemand

WHERE RAIL AND ROAD BRIDGES TO STRASBOURG CROSS THE RHINE

The Rhine lies a little to the east of Strasbourg and is crossed at Kehl by a couple of bridges

STRASBOURG, which for the time being has lost much of its gay life, owing to the evacuation of a large number of its citizens, occupies a position of great strategic importance, because of its proximity to Switzerland. Commerce naturally flows into and through this famous city. All students of architecture know of the wonders of the great Gothic cathedral—a sublime effort and as we see it now the work of several architects, the main period extending from 1277 to 1439.

The various libraries, university buildings, and academies are a curious blend of French and German effort; their present activities must be much affected by war conditions. An English correspondent with the French army, commenting on the effects of evacuation, writes: "At the beginning of the war a good many towns and villages were, of course, evacuated in a hurry. Crops were left unharvested and cattle in the fields.

"It has been one of the jobs of a certain French army to save these tracts of country from degenerating into wilderness. The cattle have been tended, the fields tilled. The army has not only

(Continued below on left)

(Cont. from above on right)

harvested the beetroot crop, but has also started sugar refineries working again. The cattle have been enumerated, along with the names of their owners, and when the army requires some beast for slaughter compensation is sent to the absent farmer somewhere in the south-west of France."

There remain two eleventh-century towers of the earlier fortress, with later seventeenth-century buildings

Right—TYPICAL OF THE HOUSE FAÇADES OF STRASBOURG

The house on the left of the view was recently discovered to be of good medieval type and has been restored to its original appearance

THE ECLIPSE OF EROS Known throughout the world—alike to Englishmen and foreigners—the famous statue of Eros in Piccadilly Circus, London, has now disappeared "for the duration." Rather than allow it to be destroyed or disfigured, the authorities have buried it under piles of sandbags, to preserve it from bombs or shrapnel. This picture shows the Eros site as it appeared a few days ago, with statue and fountain both enclosed

BIRMINGHAM COVERS UP, TOO This statue of King George the Third stands in the forecourt of Birmingham University. It has already suffered severe indignity—after the Great War, during the Irish riots in Dublin, it was blown off its pedestal by a bomb. To save it from a similar fate the statue is now having a complete brick enclosure built over it

THE LIBRARY OF CHELTENHAM COLLEGE One of the great public schools of England, Cheltenham College, is now no longer a seat of learning. "This great public school, which has close upon a century's record of service to the State; which gave the lives of over 700 of its sons in the late war, and which has thirteen Victoria Crosses and four Orders of Merit on its roll of honour, has been unceremoniously evicted from the whole of its educational buildings and boarding-houses, and told to fend for itself elsewhere," wrote Lord Lee of Fareham, President of the College, in a recent letter to *The Times*. "So far from 'alternative accommodation having been designated or found' for it by the Government departments concerned, difficulties have been placed in its way and the unfortunate evacuees have been summarily 'warned off' premises in other parts of the country—on the ground that these also might be required for Government occupation. Meanwhile, a somewhat ludicrous sidelight is shed upon the whole proceedings by the fact that our highly specialised buildings are now lying unused and empty!"

The World of Books—Reviewed by Vernon Fane

A BIOGRAPHICAL STUDY of CHILDREN

A Work of Observation and Understanding by the Author of "Tarka the Otter"

HOWEVER intimately a man may write of his life, revealing impulses and actions with startling candour and self-possession, he still has the whip hand of the reader who, if he is tempted to criticise or condemn, can always be pulled up by the thought that, complete as this confession seems, there are yet vast tracts of motive and influence unexplored, and that the writer, having planned his effect, is still able to qualify it, or even to make it negative in a subsequent volume.

The author, for his own purposes, which in many cases is not to write a biography as one uses a confessional but to construct an artistically satisfactory book, admits and withdraws as it pleases him. His reticences may be of feeling or of effect but, from Frank Harris on, they exist, and with a good writer they are a valuable part of his technique. If his purpose is to be honest then he will write what he considers to be the truth, but it may be beyond either his inclination or his power to give every aspect of that truth.

Mr. Henry Williamson's **THE CHILDREN OF SHALLOWFORD** (Faber and Faber. 8s. 6d.) is, in spite of its title, mainly autobiographical. His five children and their little histories are the book's *raison d'être*, but inside the framework of that chronicle there is ample space for Mr. Williamson's own thoughts and deliberations and reactions, and, in spite of the real charm of the way he writes about his children, these reactions make the book what it is.

Often, in my view, it is an irritating book. There were moments when I was inclined to put it down, or at least to count ten before continuing with it. Sometimes I found myself disagreeing violently with what seemed to be Mr. Williamson's attitude of mind towards children, towards wives, towards illness, towards fairy tales, but there were always at least two reasons for reading on: the passage that annoyed one, was it not too provocative to be the whole truth, too carefully planned as a seasoning to be so misunderstood? And again, since there had not been a dull line in what had passed before, was it not cutting off one's nose to spite one's face to discard the book at this point?

The author's four boys and his daughter were born in a Devonshire village in the post-war years. They were brought up very simply, without nurses or nannies or governesses and they were allowed to roam around the fields and streams and roads unaccompanied. Sometimes they would venture on to the high railway viaduct and launch paper darts from it. Once a younger one fell into the mill stream and was pulled out by the hair of the head by his senior, aged about nine. In due course they were sent to the village school, where they acquired rich Devonshire accents. "They be dear little mouses, ban't 'm?" the baby daughter would say. "Us won't kill the mouses, will us, Dad?"

When the oldest son was eleven the problem of his further education arose, and here the author gives his own views on the question. The boys' names had been put down for a small public school, but if there were not enough money when the time came to pay their fees, the idea was that they should remain at the village school and receive the remainder of their education from their father.

"The basis of this education was to have been work in the open air. If at the age of eighteen they were deficient in self-confidence, poise, good manners, graciousness, strong bodies, natural ease in all contacts with their fellow men; determination, punctuality, and ability to act efficiently and reliably in whatsoever kind of work each young man wanted to do—well, the fault would be entirely mine."

At the book's close they are moving, on the eleven-year-old's suggestion, to a farm in East Anglia, where I believe they are to-day. I don't think I need add that the author of *Tarka the Otter* writes well.

I have never read Miss Joan Grant's *Winged Pharaoh*, which I understand had a success of a rather special kind some years ago. It was widely read, but while some of its admirers enjoyed it as a well-told romance, others claimed that it was the record of actual experience, the memoirs of a spirit who had lived in another age and returned in the twentieth century, to take advantage, one imagines, of better printing conditions, and to set down the experiences of its ancient life.

This, not unnaturally, gave the book a fillip of interest to which neither author nor publishers seem to have been indifferent, since Miss Grant's new book, **LIFE AS CAROLA** (Methuen. 10s. 6d.), is unequivocally presented as a book of spirit-inspired authorship. "We leave the reader to form his own judgment," say the publishers with mysterious glee, "as to how this book, crowded with incident and detail beyond the reach either of imagination or research, came to be written."

That is a challenge, and should be dealt with as such. Consequently, I read Miss Grant's novel with attention, and came to several conclusions. First of all, this is the work of an imaginative writer in the most widely accepted sense of the term. Facts are not the signposts to her invention and she is sturdily resolved not to be bound by the dull claims of history. Here, in other words, is incident beyond the reach of research.

Secondly, this is a vivid, but by no means outstanding example of the romantic novel. If it was written with help that is denied or unknown to the more pedestrian of us, then it is disappointing. There is nothing here that could not have been contrived by a competent writer of fiction; its philosophy may be more profound but its action and particularly its setting are no cuts, either psychic or material, above the ordinary run of historical and medieval novels.

What is disturbing about this book are its pretensions. Without them one might have welcomed a lively and readable book only marred by a recurring ghoulishness.

George III had six daughters of varying degrees of beauty and intelligence, but all possessing one quality in common, a sincere affection for their father who was to be so afflicted in his latter years. They had another thing in common, and this time it was an accomplishment. All six of the princesses were excellent letter writers, colourful, amusing, and, to our present benefit, indefatigable.

They corresponded between themselves, they wrote dutifully to their father, rebelliously to their tyrannical mother and wheedlingly to their elder brother. Some of the most natural and charming letters, in fact, were to "Prinny," beseeching him to support them in some plan, thanking him for a present of jewellery, or asking for a "little" loan, the royal ideas of finance being suitably expansive.

From many of these letters, which have not before been published, Miss Dorothy Margaret Stuart has compiled a delightful joint biography of the six young women, **THE DAUGHTERS OF GEORGE III** (Macmillan. 15s.), and has expounded her own theories on some of the mysteries which still surround their relatively quiet lives. The Princess Royal's was a straightforward existence. After her marriage to the Hereditary Prince of Wurtemburg she returned to Germany and settled there, cultivating her garden and achieving a quiet popularity.

Her next sister, Princess Augusta, was thought to have married in secret General Sir Brent Spencer, and another sister was believed to have married General Fitzroy, a man a great deal older than herself, and to have had a child by him. That, in any case, was one of the scandalous reports of the day. Perhaps Princess Sophia was the best letter writer. She had a great sense of fun, and was not above exercising it on her family.

On one occasion she wrote to her brother, the Regent, to whom like the others she was devoted, "The only thing that frets and worries me is the idea that your kindness to *four Old Cats* may cause You any *désagrement* with the ministers . . . . *Poor old wretches* as we are, a *dead weight* upon You, *old Lumber* to the *Country*, like *Old Clothes*, I wonder you do not vote for putting us in a *sack* and drowning us in *The Thames* . . . "

It is easy to conjecture that Queen Victoria took her aunts' underlining, though perhaps not their verbal style, as an example in her own more sober correspondence.

Fiction about the English in India has no longer the general popularity that it enjoyed in the days of Mrs. Annie S. Swann. Every now and again one finds an exception; Mr. Bromfield provided a memorable one, and a painter or a poet may visit India and hurry home to tabulate his impressions. But the cantonment and the hill station is no longer familiar ground to the library subscriber, and it was with a feeling of pleasurable nostalgia that I opened Mr. Parr Cooper's **NOT AT HOME** (Allen and Unwin. 8s. 6d.), which deals with the social side of army life in British India, and has its full complement of syces, chukkas and chota pegs.

In spite of these indispensable stage properties, however, there is nothing hackneyed about the story. It is on a familiar theme—the daughter of an army officer marries in turn into the army and returns to India, where she was born—but it is treated with a somehow cheeky freshness that is very likeable.

It is obvious from the beginning that the author knows his, or is it her, India, at least in the sense that someone attached to the army might know it. The procedure, the rivalries, the weather, the makeshifts, the homesickness, they are all in the picture, and all too naturally treated to be anything but the result of a personal experience. What lifts the book from the humdrum is the author's own point of view. Mr. Cooper writes about ordinary people, certainly, and would admit even that they were dull, but he observes them with humour and that is why his first novel is one to read and laugh over.

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TUNING FOR ECONOMY

Tinkering with the Carburettor Jet Will Produce More M.P.G.

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E. (*Clerk of the Course, Brooklands*)

WHEN really enthusiastic motorists gathered together in peace-time, sooner or later the conversation led towards the speeds of their respective cars. When any two or more drove the same make and model of car, arguments would crop up as to which vehicle had the best all-out speed or the most pronounced acceleration. To-day the position is entirely changed, for when two or more motorists have a chat together the conversation almost immediately turns to the one subject, miles per gallon. In the piping times of peace no one was very much concerned as to whether their car did 32 or 34 miles per gallon, though quite an amount of interest was apparent as to whether a gallon of petrol kept the car going for 30 or 40 miles.

It is only natural that to-day we should all be trying to make that precious gallon of spirit take us the maximum distance. As we did not bother very much about our petrol consumption in those days most of us find ourselves sadly ignorant of how to increase m.p.g. To most people the first measure to be adopted is to fit a smaller size main jet. I thought I would test this myself, and the car in question is in the so-called "baby" class. Although it was going well it was not up to standard so far as its petrol consumption was concerned. I did not wish to exceed 40 m.p.h. and was quite content to put up with very mild acceleration.

In went a smaller size main jet and strange to relate it definitely gave the engine more power in top gear but it produced an alarming flat spot which made the car almost impossible to drive. The pilot jet on the carburettor has an adjustment to enrich the mixture and so I tinkered with the controlling screw and succeeded in reducing the period of hesitation, but then another complication intruded itself. The engine would not start easily and I could never be certain that it would always tick over when idling in traffic.

I tested the consumption and put up with these disappointments for a few days and then found that I was covering 57 miles to the gallon. The starting and idling difficulty, however, proved too annoying and so I started once again to tinker with that pilot jet adjustment. I improved these two qualities of the carburettor but my petrol consumption retreated to 49 m.p.g.

No doubt if I had had the time and patience and a goodly supply of jets and choke tubes I could have got nearer to the ideal for which I was striving. Up to the moment I have not yet been able to complete my test but on some future occasion I will no doubt be able to quote the results.

NOW that petrol is difficult to obtain by legal means some of the more unruly members of the community are stealing petrol from car tanks. People who have motored abroad have always been worried with this form of pilfering and many cars, at any rate those in the luxury class, have been fitted with locks to prevent unauthorised hands having access to the engine or the petrol filler. I never met the owner of my second-hand Bentley but he, at any rate, was taking no risks when touring abroad because yale locks were fitted to each side of the bonnet, the luggage boot and the small trapdoor covering the petrol filler. To meet the present demand many anti-thief devices have been placed on the market.

As petrol is usually stolen by means of syphoning it out of the tank, a padlock fitted in some way or other to the petrol filling cap is sufficient. However, on cars which are fitted with electric petrol pumps this precaution is not enough because the thief can uncouple the petrol feed pipe to the carburettor, switch the ignition on and the petrol pump or pumps will graciously pour out the spirit into whatever container the thief has handy. In cars so fitted the only thing to do is to fit locks on each side of the bonnet. No doubt cars that are delivered from the manufacturers from now onwards, or, at any rate, after a short interval of time, will give the owner provision to lock up his petrol.

THOSE of my readers who remember the years immediately after the last Great War will recollect that our motor trade had the greatest difficulty in building up once more the goodwill which they allowed to be dissipated during the period of hostilities. The trouble was not only in the overseas market but also here at home. In this connection a very important letter from the managing director of Rolls-Royce Limited appeared recently in *The Times*. He pointed out that although the great Derby works of Rolls-Royce and Bentley would not be producing any cars during the war it was intended that the advertisements in connection with these cars should appear from time to time so that the great name which Derby has built up will be kept before the public and so the goodwill will be maintained.

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When there's an Austin Reed overcoat between you and the weather, you can smile in the teeth of the iciest wind. And choosing your overcoat at Austin Reed's is just as much pleasure as wearing it. Ready for you now there are warm, easy raglans and distinguished, close-fitting coats for town. There are single-breasted coats and double-breasted ulsters —big, cosy coats for duty or travel, town or country. There are tweeds and cheviots; there are patterns, more patterns and more patterns still. All these coats await your choice, all at our usual prices— first-class value before; outstanding value now.

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Specially reduced terms for long term residence.

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Forest ponies as placid as ever. Cattle browsing in our acres of meadowland. The sunlight playing daily on our lake. Fruit and garden produce awaiting your daily consumption. Come now.

BURLEY MANOR HOTEL
AT BURLEY HEART OF THE NEW FOREST

A beautifully equipped first-class hotel run on first-class lines by the new Resident Proprietors, Mr. and Mrs. H. Dakin Markham. *'Phone Burley 70*

HOLNE PARK HOTEL, ASHBURTON, S. DEVON

Come and fish, feast, and forget, at this first-class Country House Hotel, situated on perhaps the most beautiful stretch of the River Dart. Here indeed Nature dominates over thoughts of war. Let us send you our Brochure.

Winter Terms from **3½ Gns.**

PRIORY HOTEL, EXETER ROAD, BOURNEMOUTH

In sunny, sheltered position, **midway between Square and Pier,** offers quiet dignified comfort to Winter Visitors. Three lounges with coal fires and radiators. Cheery dining-room. Good food and service. Spotless cleanliness. All bedrooms hot and cold water, gas fires, steam radiators and excellent beds.

Terms from **4 gns.**

BEACON HOTEL, CROWBOROUGH, SUSSEX

This fine Country House Hotel, now under the personal direction of Mr. A. Edward Davis (late of Grosvenor House, London), is now open for the reception of those visitors who are appreciative of a first-class hotel amongst lovely surroundings.

Terms from **5 gns.** a week.

WOODSIDE HOTEL, HAILSHAM, SUSSEX

Safety without Solitude! For we are only 6 miles from Eastbourne, and lie in 6½ acres of grounds off the London—Eastbourne road. We have all modern conveniences such as central heating and H. and C.: and as we are a Country Club as well, there is always congenial company.

Terms from **3½ gns.**

LOWER POL MARK, HARLYN BAY, CORNWALL

A little bit of Heaven, away from the strife and sordid side of war. Golden Sands. Glorious Air. A modern attractive home, distinguished for its comfort and cooking.

From **3½ gns.**

DUDLEY HOTEL, HOVE, SUSSEX

Just off the front and within a few paces of the Hove lawns, this first-class hotel will appeal to those who are appreciative of a high standard of comfort, cuisine, and service. Completely modernised and re-furnished, and under the personal direction of Mr. F. Kung (Swiss).

Terms from **5½ Gns.**

BOSCARN HOTEL, LOOE, SOUTH CORNWALL

Safety, Sands and Sunshine. Here is a perfect place for your family, far from the madding War. Here they can enjoy contentment of mind, beauty of environment and Cornish produce fresh from local farms. A first-class hotel on the water's edge. Special terms for children.

From **4 gns.** per week.

MANOR HOUSE HOTEL, MUNDESLEY-ON-SEA, NORFOLK

Each year, many who appreciate good food, good wines and good service, winter with us. They are also appreciative of the joys of central heating and good fires, should the weather turn cold. Yet, on the whole, we enjoy a wonderful climate, and there are few days when one cannot be out on the 18-hole golf course.

Weekly Terms from **3½ gns.** Month or longer

MOOR HALL HOTEL, NINFIELD, Near BEXHILL

A safe and sunny spot, self-contained (11 acres) and self-supporting—even to growing our own bacon. Horses to ride, tennis courts to play on, rabbits to shoot. Such is an indication of life at "the hotel with a country house atmosphere." Resident Props.: Mr. & Mrs. Eric Johnson. Tel. Ninfield 30.

Terms from **3 gns.**

QUEEN'S HOTEL, PENZANCE, CORNWALL

Winter Wisely! Here, on the sea front, facing South and overlooking Mount's Bay and St. Michael's Mount, is an hotel which for years has been to many a winter home. 100 bedrooms. Modern bathrooms. Lift. Our telegraphic address is "Seaward," and our watchword "Comfort."

Terms from **3 gns.**

THE GRANVILLE HOTEL, ST. MARGARET'S BAY, KENT

A Winter Sun-trap, sheltered from the North, in a peaceful reception area, and surrounded by good golf courses, this modernly equipped and long established hotel has always appealed to those people of good taste who seek relaxation from the travails of every-day life.

Terms from **4 Gns.**

COOMBE HOUSE HOTEL, NR. SHAFTESBURY, DORSET

Away from the atmosphere of war. Situation healthy and beautiful. Every comfort. Trains met Semley Station by appointment.
Tel.: Shaftesbury 130

Terms from **4 gns.** forextended stay.

ROYAL VICTORIA HOTEL, ST. LEONARD'S-ON-SEA, SUSSEX

An hotel of dignity and solidity, built to withstand the onslaughts of weather, . , and even war. A favourite hotel to winter in. A sun-trap, and a sanctuary for all who appreciate that blessed feeling of . . . peace.

Terms from **5 gns.** inc.

BEAUFORT HOTEL, TINTERN, WYE VALLEY

The famous Abbey faces us. The loveliness of the Wye Valley surrounds us. To stay with us is to remain, for here good fires, good cooking and good service make the perfect alliance.

Terms **5 gns.** inclusive

EASTON COURT, CHAGFORD, DEVON

We are still going strong. Neither petrol restrictions nor black-outs preclude those who are appreciative of that blessed word "tranquility" from seeking us out. Here at the foot of Dartmoor we live and rejoice in the pursuits of the country, or in just eating, sleeping, reading, and talking.

Terms from **4 gns.**

In Quest of

Britain's Much Maligned Pleasant on South

WITH November 1, each year a marked change takes place in my correspondence. In the case of inquiries which concern late holidays, short and long, the major theme is, "Where can one weather the winter warmly?"—and in England, too.

In considering this hardy annual it must be recognised that the weather is always a fickle customer the world over. Those who have in previous years regularly wintered abroad will have had their experiences of snow, sleet, and bitter wind in the very spots to which they have made long journeys in search of sunshine and warmth.

Actually, I believe, it will be found that our British climate, though changeable, offers far less extremes of day and night temperature than places abroad, and certainly in Britain there is far less variation of temperature between one district and another than is generally supposed.

Bath, Bournemouth, Penzance, and Torquay are examples of places which have, with reason, long been recognised as winter resorts, but it must be confessed that there have been those rare occasions when at each place I have felt perished with cold.

On the other hand, at such spots as Mundesley on the Norfolk coast, Newquay on the north Cornish coast, and on the coast-line of the Isle of Thanet in Kent I have experienced many a long spell of hot, sunny winter days which have completely upset the popular conception that such districts are invariably cold and bleak in winter.

Here, I am writing in the warm, comfortable lounge of the Redcliffe Hotel at Paignton, Torquay's next door neighbour. There will be some who will tell you Paignton is cold in winter. Do not believe it. At the most it is mildly bracing. I have just heard a lady at the next table bemoaning the fact that during the whole of last winter she never had an opportunity of showing off her furs.

Let it be understood that our English winter is largely how we choose to face up to it. Remember, you who are used to the tropics, that here in Britain are no mosquitoes to bite you, or snakes to poison you. Here we have no real extremes—admittedly there are variations, but there is nothing in this world to beat the homeliness, the comfort, and the cosiness of a well-run, soundly established British hotel, no matter what the weather may be without.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

P. H. R., Birmingham.—This year I am rather in the dark myself as regards Christmas arrangements at hotels, because, as you probably know, quite a number have been taken over by the Government, and also hotels are holding up their Christmas arrangements for this year pending public demand. Consequently, any recommendations I make to you are rather a matter of guesswork,

PEACE AND SECURITY

Like a vintage wine, the Tollard Royal has weathered the years. It offers comfort, peace and security . . . always, and is distinct from a thousand others in Bournemouth by three characteristic points:

Its position on the more fashionable West Cliff is the finest in the town.
It has a licensed and fully-equipped Bridge Club.
Its Solarium, with the patented Rosenburg ultra violet rays, provides sun-bathing 24 hours a day.

TOLLARD ROYAL HOTEL BOURNEMOUTH
Terms and details from Miss P. E. WOOLCOCK

The Perfect Hotel for Winter and War-time Residence.
BOURNE HALL HOTEL
BOURNEMOUTH
100 modernly equipped rooms. Bridge. Billiards.
SPECIALLY FITTED AIR RAID SHELTERS. Write for Christmas Programme.

We occupy a restful setting with the green hills of South Devon as our vista, whilst two acres of grounds surround and supply us. The sea, too, is but five minutes away. The welcome of a well-built Georgian house, wide windowed and sunny—furnished with taste—and run by those who understand what good cooking and good beds really mean.

CEDAR SHADE COUNTRY HOUSE HOTEL
SIDMOUTH

FORTFIELD HOTEL FULLY LICENSED
SIDMOUTH S. DEVON

Finely appointed Public Rooms. Self-contained Suites. Central Heating and Coal Fires. Passenger Lift and every modern convenience. H. & C. in all rooms. Lock-up Garages.

REDUCED WINTER TERMS

For Bookings or Brochure, write Resident Manager, Mr. E. G. Russell, Fortfield Hotel, Sidmouth, S. Devon.

Telegrams, Fortfield, Sidmouth Telephone, Sidmouth 39

THE ROYAL GLEN HOTEL
SIDMOUTH *'Phone 221*

The Hotel with a Country House atmosphere, situated in picturesque grounds adjoining the esplanade.
DIET A SPECIALITY.
Terms Moderate and Inclusive. Resident Proprietors: Mr. and Mrs. W. Martin.

Good Hotels

By ASHLEY COURTENAY

Winter can be Very d West Coasts

and it will be necessary for you to write to the various places and inquire what they are doing. I note you want something in the way of a party so I must keep in mind the type of place where the party spirit is likely to flourish.

My first suggestion is Shuthonger Manor, near Tewkesbury. This is a country club as well with a cheery bar, a good ballroom, and excellent cooking. My second suggestion is Rossley Manor, Andoversford, about six miles from Cheltenham. This again is a country club, and is exceedingly well run.

J. N. G., Devon.—I was very interested to have your letter of yesterday. As regards the district you are now in, there is a most charming small hotel there called Cedar Shade, run on country-house lines, which stands in 3 acres of ground and lies back five minutes from the sea.

As regards Cornwall, although you say the north coast is stormy, at times my experience of it has been that there are plenty of sunny spells, and I should be inclined to think in terms of Bude, which is much less bleak than Newquay at this time of the year. At Bude there are two very nice hotels, the Effordown Hotel or the Hartland.

Another place I would suggest, if you don't mind being in a smaller place and a smaller hotel, is Harlyn Bay, near Padstow.

M.E.H., Moreton-on-Marsh.—I am glad to hear from your letter that I have been able to help you in the past, and I think, with a little research, I shall be able to find some comfortable quarters for you.

My own impression of the Cotswolds is that it always seems damp and raw there when the weather is unsettled, but here are some suggestions around that part of the world where you might not notice the weather so much: the Mansion House Hotel at Evesham, or Cotswold House, Chipping Campden.

C. W. G., Lancaster.—I have looked up Wooler on the map, and within the radius of roughly 20 miles which you give me, I would suggest that you note at Alnmouth, on the coast, a rather superior guest house hotel called Friars Court. Though I have not actually been there myself it has been very well recommended to me by reliable people.

R. W., Salop.—Yes, the hotel which looks right across the length and breadth of Torbay is most comfortable, up to date, and not at all noisy. It is the Headland Hotel, and is run under the same direction as the Grand. It has a very capable Swiss manager and everyone speaks very highly of it.

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor, THE SPHERE. *32–34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Personal and telephone inquiries, however, cannot be accepted.*

PINE-SCENTED AIR—quiet gardens and the peace of the country. Golf on a sporting moorland course. All-weather tennis. London within reach. Real comfort, real cooking . . . and real rest. Lift. Central Heating in every bedroom and bathroom.

Proprietor: MR. G. EGLINGTON ADAMS.

THE CREST HOTEL

CROWBOROUGH SUSSEX

Fully licensed. Accommodation available from Sept. 15th at 5 gns. weekly. *Tel. 394*

AND *NOW*, Mr. Business-Man!

If you must stay within reach of Town during the war, why not make your base at

THE RED HOUSE, LEATHERHEAD

Frequent electric trains reach London in half an hour. A most comfortable, quiet hotel, a lovely garden, excellent tennis courts. Telephone: 2271

Is there a war on? It's difficult in this peaceful spot to realise it. The flags of our private Golf Course flutter in the Autumn breeze. Not a sound at night except perhaps that of an owl on night patrol. A perfect spot for your loved ones to reside in during the trying days ahead.

ELFORDLEIGH HOTEL

Near PLYMPTON SOUTH DEVON

Under the personal direction of the proprietor, Mr. T. Barrow Dowling.

TERMS FROM 3⅗ TO 5 GNS. TELEPHONE: PLYMPTON 221411

LONDON

DORSET SQUARE HOTEL

Telephone: Paddington 4452 (3 lines)

Dorset Square, off Baker Street, N.W.1

An Hotel of unusual charm where both staff and the resident proprietors contrive to make you feel very much at home . . . even in war time. All poultry, eggs and butter still come daily from Cornish farms. Every bedroom is perfectly appointed even to a private telephone. Fully equipped gas and air raid shelter.

UNDER SAME DIRECTION, BOSCARN HOTEL LOOE

The Stafford Hotel ST. JAMES'S PLACE, S.W. 1

A Restful Oasis in the Heart of St. James's

CUISINE OF QUALITY WILLING AND ATTENTIVE SERVICE

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L. GANDOLFO, Managing Director

AND HERE IS PEACE . . . in a sheltered park of 60 acres, a sun-trap 400 feet up, a hospitable hotel for residence during the dark days of winter and war. London under an hour by train. Sporting golf course in the grounds.

THE SPA HOTEL ROYAL TUNBRIDGE WELLS

First-class in comfort, cooking and service. 85 rooms and suites.

Write to S. Hancock, Director, for tariff-booklet entitled "And here is peace."
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A Bathroom to every Bedroom . . .

How many country hotels can boast such an amenity? It is just an example of what you may expect of life at

GROVE HALL HOTEL TWYFORD - BERKS -

A delightful country house, surrounded by flower gardens and a park: 34 miles from London by road, 37 minutes by train. Here you will find pleasant company in congenial surroundings at moderate prices. Tennis, Squash and Golf (Sonning 18-hole course). Telephone: Twyford 106.

Inclusive terms from 4 gns.

THE SPHERE REGISTER OF HOTELS

The majority of these hotels are personally known to our Hotel Correspondent, Mr. Ashley Courtenay, who will be pleased to give further details regarding them to readers who write to him, c/o "The Sphere."

ENGLAND

Aldeburgh.—Wentworth Hotel. Tel. 312 & 313.
Ashburton (S. Devon).—Holne Park Hotel.
Bath.—Lansdown Grove Hotel.
Bexhill-on-Sea.—Hotel Riposo. Tel. 472.
Blackpool.—The Headlands. A.A. and R.A.C.
Bognor Regis.—Royal Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 40.
Boscastle.—Wellтown Manor Guest Hse. Tel. 17
Bournemouth.—Bourne Hall Hotel. Tel. 5.
Bournemouth.—Canford Cliffs Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Hinton Firs Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Priory Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Tollard Royal.
Brighton.—The Kings Hotel.
Brixham.—Berry Head House Hotel. Tel. 3314.
Budleigh Salterton.—Rosemullion Hotel.
Burley (New Forest).—Burley Manor Hotel.
Bushey.—Bushey Hall Hotel.
Cambridge.—Blue Boar Hotel. Tel. 3030.
Chagford.—Easton Court.
Chipping Campden.—Cotswold Hse. Htl. Tel.330
Crowborough (Sussex).—Beacon Hotel.
Crowborough (Sussex).—The Crest Hotel.
Dulverton (Som.).—Woodcote Hotel. Tel. 129.
Exeter.—Royal Clarence Hotel.
Hailsham (Sussex).—Woodside Hotel.
Harlyn Bay (Cornwall).—Lower Pol Mark.
Hove.—Dudley Hotel. Completely modernised.
Leatherhead.—The Red House Hotel.
Looe.—Boscarn Hotel.
Lytham St. Annes.—Clifton Arms Hotel.
Lyme Regis.—Hotel Alexandra. Tel. 10.
Manchester.—Bowdon Hydro.
Mundesley-on-Sea (Norfolk).—Manor Hse. Htl.
Newquay.—Headland Hotel. Tel. Newquay 2211.
Newton Ferrers (S. Devon).—Sheiling Gst. Hse.
Ninfield (nr. Bexhill).—Moor Hall Hotel. Tel. 30
Ockham.—The Hautboy. Ripley 20.
Oxford.—Mitre Hotel. Tel. 2335 and 3840.
Paignton.—Ravenswood, Cliff Road.
Penzance (Cornwall).—Queen's Hotel.
Plympton (S. Devon).—Elfordleigh Hotel.
St. Leonard's-on-Sea.—Royal Victoria Hotel.
St. Margaret's Bay (Kent).—The Granville Htl.
Salisbury.—Old George Hotel. Tel. 3189.
Sanderstead (Surrey).—Selsdon Park Hotel.
Scarborough.—The Grand. 'Phone: 1053.
Shaftesbury (Dorset).—Coombe House Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Cedar Shade Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Fortfield Hotel.
Sidmouth.—The Torbay Hotel.

ENGLAND—*continued*

Sidmouth.—The Royal Glen Hotel. Phone 221
Tintern.—Beaufort Hotel.
Torquay.—Lincombe Hall. Tel. 2302.
Torquay.—Roslin Hall Hotel. Tel. 4373 (2 lines)
Treyarnon Bay (Cornwall).—Waterbeach Hotel.
Tunbridge Wells.—The Spa Hotel.
Twyford (Berks.).—Grove Hall Hotel. Tel. 109.

GREAT NORTH ROAD

(Figures in brackets show mileage from London)

Catterick (229).—Bridge House Hotel.
Sutton-on-Trent (133½).—Old England Hotel.

ENGLISH LAKES

Keswick.—Queen's Hotel.
Keswick.—Borrowdale Hotel. Borrowdale 24.
Keswick.—Royal Oak Hotel.

LONDON

Ambassadors Hotel, W.C.1. Tel. Euston 1456.
Bailey's Hotel, Gloucester Road, S.W.7.
Dorset Square Hotel, Dorset Square, N.W.1.
S. Kensington Htl., Queen's Gate Terrace, S.W.7
Stafford Hotel, St. James's Place, S.W.1
United Services Hotel. S.W.7. Tel. Wes. 7131.

SCOTLAND

Fife.—The Lundin Links Hotel. Tel. 7.
Tomintoul (Banffshire).—Richmond Arms H.

WALES

Llandudno.—Imperial Hotel. Facing sea.
Llangollen.—The Hand Hotel.
Tan-y-bwlch.—Oakeley Arms Hotel.

NORTHERN IRELAND

Belfast.—Grand Central Hotel.
Belfast.—Midland Station Hotel (LMS-NCC).
Rostrevor.—Great Northern Railway Hotel.

EIRE

Dun Laoghaire (Kingstown).—Ross's Hotel.
Glendalough (Co. Wicklow).—Royal Hotel.
Greenore.—Great Northern Railway Hotel.
Greystones (Co. Wicklow).—Grand Hotel.
Kingstown (Co. Dublin).—Royal Marine Hotel.

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